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Poetry.

For the Blade.

SWEET EYES OF GRAY.

B. S. ENGLAND.

Sweet eyes of gray, unrivaled, unsung
In rondeau, lay or restrained song,
The wanton poet's pen I wring!
You've won my heart, and loosed my tongue,
Sweet eyes of gray!

O, brighter than the opening day!
O, softer than the mystic gleam
Of moonshine on a crystal stream!
O, softer than the sun's last ray,
Sweet eyes of gray!

I know the language of your glance,
And 'neath your lashes' silken shade,
Have read the messages you conveyed
In love's warm breath, or pleasure's dance,
Sweet eyes of gray!

Let others sing of heaven's own blue,
Of eyes whose rich mysterious light
Is matched with the shades of night,
But I shall ever sing of you,
Sweet eyes of gray.

SOON WILL COME THE SNOW.

While are the daisies, white as milk;
The stately corn is hung with silk;
The roses are in blow.
Little you, before while you may,
Adding the flying hours to stay,
For love shall end, and all delight,
The day is long, the day is bright;
But soon will come the snow.

Up from the meadow-sedges tall
Floats music by the lark's clear call;
So sweet the lilies show.
Little you, before while you may,
Adding the flying hours to stay,
For love shall end, and all delight,
The day is long, the day is bright;
But soon will come the snow!

As idlest is a shoreless sea,
This moment is for you and me,
And bliss that lovers know.
Little you, before while we die,
Joys, like swallows, quickly fly;
And love shall end, and all delight,
But soon will come the snow!

Our Story Teller.

AN AWAKENING.

"Will you come down to our place next Sunday, Charlie, for a couple of days' shooting?"

"Sunday? Yes. Delighted, old chap."

The two friends proceeded to settle details. They would meet at the station and go by the 5.30 train, which would land them in comfortable time for dinner.

Now, if Charlie West had a weakness it was that he was prone to be a little oblivious about his engagements rather than. The Monday afternoon, to beguile the time between luncheon and the train, he called on a lovely woman of his acquaintance, and she was so amusing that he stopped until the next train but one. Consequently he found himself behind the time to drive like the wind, and only by his own watch had he kept (he forgot to wind it up the previous night), and how could he know that the house clock was a quarter of an hour fast?

When he arrived on the platform he was met by his servant, who, with a countenance lengthened out of recognition, pleasurable or otherwise, informed him that the train had departed, bearing Capt. Leslie with it. The Captain had left word that he hoped Mr. West would go by the next train, which was not until 8.30, and reached Lil's heart at 10.15. He would drive that distance over to him—was six miles from the station.

Charlie swore exhaustively. He was not illumined, but surely, if a man might be justified (which I by no means aim at) in indulging in bad language, here was a case in point. He found himself in the early London, with two hours and fifty minutes on hand; to have forgone a pleasant dinner and evening; to have put your host to great inconvenience, and probably to have given a bad impression to his family before your arrival—all these things are extremely annoying.

But, having a fairly happy disposition, Charlie, after his first outburst of wrath and disgust, took it very well. He got into another hansom, returned to his club at the West End, read the papers, dined lightly, and took excellent care to be in time for the 8.30.

It was a slow train: it stopped at nearly every station, and arrived at last thirty-five minutes late. His friend, who had time to recover his first feeling of resentment at Charlie's confounded inconsiderateness, met him very cordially. The dogcart was capacious, and they managed to cram in the servant's luggage, and were off at a spanking pace to the court. The moon shone brightly; the roads were excellent.

"Jove!" uttered Charlie, drawing a long breath. "How good everything smells, and what a blessing it is to get out of London."

They drove through a long avenue of trees, and came to a big, old-fashioned red house, with a great mere shining like a mirror in front of it.

"I expect," said George Leslie, that we shall find everybody gone to bed; all my people are tremendously early."

And so it proved. The friends refreshed themselves in the dining-room, after the manner of hard-riding men, and then returned to the smoking-room, and the hour I had given tongue from the stable clock before they thought of turning in. Leslie showed Charlie his room, spacious and tapestry-hung, and the young gentleman, having drawn back the curtains which the lovers had left in the manner of her kind, had hermetically closed, and then the one window wide open, retired to bed, to sleep the sleep of the just.

He awoke on sursant by hearing his name. "Charlie! Charlie! do wake up!" It was a pretty feminine voice; and Charlie was not in the habit of being called in this fashion.

He started and looked up. What he saw was a slim young lady, with a very pretty figure, in a blue cotton gown, and the back of a charming head with golden plaits. The fair one was looking out of the window and apostrophizing him at the same time.

"It is such a glorious morning: aren't you ashamed of yourself, you great lazy creature, to be lying there missing all this lovely sunshine? Do get up and come out with me before breakfast."

Charlie is not shy, but a very decided feeling of embarrassment creeps over him. Of course it is a mistake. He has known some rapid young ladies in his time, but never one who would have come into his room to call him before she had ever been introduced to him. But how on earth was he to intimate to her that she was in error about his identity? She had called him Charlie, too! Leslie's name was George, and he had no brothers. In any case it was rather a strong order for a girl to come into any man's room when she was not her brother.

Charlie buried his head under the clothes, and awaited the denouement. It was not long in coming.

"Charlie," said the fair one again, and this time her voice indicated that her face was turned in his direction, "if you don't get up at once I will throw a wet sponge at you. You are a lazy pig!"

Then he heard her proceed to the washing stand and dip a sponge in water, and partly wring it. Next moment, with unusually good aim for a girl, it bounced on his head, which was protected by the bedclothes.

Charlie smothered a laugh; it was becoming ridiculous.

"Very well, then," said the voice, approaching; "I shall come and drag the clothes off you."

Now he must act with promptness. He raised himself a little, and put the clothes just far enough back for his assailant to see his laughing blue eyes. The dismal stoppers of infancy in her career; an expression of stony horror flashed into her face; her cheeks dyed with crimson, and, uttering an agonized little groan, she turned and fled.

Charlie laughed all the time he was getting up. He could not help wondering how she would meet him at breakfast. Jove, what a pretty creature she was! Would she tell anyone or would she ignore the incident? He would take his cue from her. The family were all assembled in the breakfast-room when he came down, and he was presented to his host and hostess; to three nice, fresh-looking girls, Leslie's sisters, and a fat young fellow about his own height and coloring as they cousin Jack. But where was the fourth, the vision? There was no other place laid at the table, and breakfast came and went and she did not appear. He heard the other girls address the cousin as Charlie, and comprehended that this was the young gentleman for whom he had been mistaken.

Still he did not quite approve of a girl, such a pretty girl, too, making so free with a cousin. "A brother is all very well," etc. It was evident that no one knew a syllable about the event of the morning. Every time the door opened Charlie looked toward it; his eyes wandered over the lawn into the garden. He was almost distrait.

"Have you any more sisters?" he asked of Leslie, as they walked together to the shooting, a little apart from the father and cousin.

"No, only those three," replied Leslie.

"And quite enough, too."

Charlie was completely mystified. He did not shoot as straight as usual; his thoughts were distracted by the pretty, golden-haired creature who had aroused him from his slumbers. He could not have dreamed it—no, there was the wet sponge on his bed when he got up.

The shooting was over; he and Leslie were strolling homeward along the road, when a smart little village cart with a trotting pony, and freighted with two ladies came toward them.

"This is our parson's wife," said Leslie. "Such a good sort—I must introduce you to her." And, as he made a sign to the charioteer, she pulled up, and Charlie saw her companion was his fair friend of the morning.

"How are you, Mrs. Grey?" cried Leslie, cheerily. "Let me introduce my friend West to you. Mrs. Grey, Mr. West; Lil, Mr. West."

Lil made the slightest motion of her head, without meeting Charlie's eyes. Leslie indulged in some gay bandinage with Mrs. Grey and Charlie, though he felt slightly embarrassed, tried to make conversation with Miss Lil. She answered "yes," or "no," as occasion required, and never once raised her eyes to his face.

"Do come up and dine to-night, Mrs. Grey," entreated Leslie; "my mother would be so awfully pleased. I'll go home and get a note from her if you think it necessary."

Mrs. Grey appeared to waver; then Charlie distinctly saw Miss Lil pinch her friend in a meaning manner. "Many thanks; I am so sorry, but I cannot possibly manage it to-night," Mrs. Grey answered. "We have so much to do still for the bazaar."

"Lil, you young puss!" cried Leslie, "what do you mean by deserting us in this way? It is a very poor compliment to West here."

"We are so busy settling about the bazaar," replied the young lady.

"Well, I suppose you are coming home some time to-night. Shall I walk down and fetch you?"

"Do!" said Mrs. Grey; but again West saw the surreptitious pinch, and Miss Lil replied hastily:

"No, please don't. Mr. Grey will see me home. I do not know when I shall be ready."

The pony was getting impatient.

"We must be off," said Mrs. Grey. "Tommy is in a hurry." And away they flew.

"What do you think of our parson's wife?" asked Leslie.

"Not much the sort of a parson's wife," replied Charlie. "By Jove! what a figure, and what a fit her jacket was!"

"She's the right sort," said Leslie. "It would be a deuced good job if there were more like her. Bring a lot more sinners to repentance." and he merrily.

"Who's the young lady with her?" asked Charlie, trying to speak indifferently.

"O, that is Lillian Fane, my cousin, Charlie's sister."

A weight seemed taken from his friend's breast.

"O!" he said, with a gasp of relief.

"Why, what capricious monkey," exclaimed Leslie. "she must take it into her head all of a sudden this morning to fly up before breakfast down to Mrs. Grey. It is all rubbish about the bazar; it is not to be for another month. Just because I wanted you to meet her. She is very company and sings prettily. Just like a woman. Last night asked a dozen questions and was quite interested about you, and this morning flies off without stopping to set eyes on you."

A smile curled Charlie's upper lip. "She is lovely," he said. "it is very unkind of her."

"Nasty little vixen," retorted Leslie.

In his heart Charlie was secretly provoked. Leslie's sisters were nice, cheery, fresh-looking girls, but they could not hold a candle to Lilian. He was dying to see her again. He had never felt such an interest in a girl before. She did not make her appearance that evening, and the following morning at breakfast she was still absent. He was piqued. It was simply ridiculous for her to go on shunning him on account of a stupid little contretemps that might have happened to any one.

"I'm afraid," he remarked with a touch of pique, as they were standing in the hall waiting to start on their shooting expedition; "I'm afraid that it is I who am driving Miss Fane out of the house."

"Humbug," returned Capt. Leslie. "Why should you?" Then, as a sudden thought struck him, he turned on his heel and went into the morning-room.

"Gurley," he said, "ask Mrs. Gray to dine to-night, and make Lilian come back, whether or no."

As Mr. West was a gentlemen of independent fortune, and she had three daughters, Mrs. Leslie was not altogether displeased at the pretty cousin having absented herself.

"Of course I will ask them, my dear," she replied, "but they are so busy with their bazaar that I am not at all sure I shall persuade them to come."

"If you don't," observed Leslie pointedly, "West will fancy you are keeping Lil out of the way on purpose. I am pretty sure he thinks so now."

"George!" exclaimed his mother indignantly, "how can you say anything so absurd?"

"Well, take my advice, and have her back to-night," and Capt. Leslie departed without giving his mother any time to make a rejoinder.

He had, however, said quite enough. Mrs. Leslie forthwith put on her bonnet and went down to the rectory. She found Mrs. Grey and Lilian sitting under a tree together making a languid pretense of needlework. Mrs. Leslie greeted both affectionately. "I've just really want you to come up and dine with us to-night," she said to the rectoress; "and this naughty truant must not remain away any longer," smiling sweetly on Lilian.

"O, aunty, we're so, so busy!" cried the young lady, plying her needle vigorously.

"You must not quite forget, my love, that you are my guest," said her aunt, with a certain amount of dignity and a tone that implied reproof.

Lillian understood it and colored deeply. "I shall be delighted to dine," interposed Mrs. Grey, hastily. "And you must blame me for monopolizing so much of Lilian's time."

"I do not blame any one," returned Mrs. Leslie, suavely. "But I hope to see you both at dinner to-night."

So, as Miss Lilian had no desire to offend her aunt, she overcame her repugnance to meeting Mr. West, and to that gentleman's great delight, he had the pleasure of taking her into dinner that same evening. Two or three neighbors had been invited. But although Charlie had an immense fund of small talk and was reputed excellent company, he failed altogether in inspiring any interest in his fair neighbor. She appeared, as she was, thoroughly uncomfortable, and only responded to his sallies by monosyllables.

It was a glorious moonlight night, and after dinner some of the young people went out into the gardens. Charlie watched his opportunity and pounced on Lillian, keeping her engaged in conversation until they were separated some little distance from the others. Then he said suddenly, and not without a slight flutter at his heart:

"Why will you not speak to me? Surely it is not my fault that such a stupid little accident should have occurred. Why need you bear malice because I was put in the room that your brother had been occupying?"

In the moonlight he could see the swift crimson racing through her fair skin.

"I—I shall never, never get over it!" she said, putting up her hands to cover the flames that were burning her face. "What can you have thought of me? If—if any one were to know it I should never hold up my head again."

"I hope you think I am a gentleman," cried Charlie, indignantly. "I suppose you don't thing one word would ever pass my lips on the subject?"

"Will you swear it?" said the discomfited maiden.

And he swore by all his goods. After that she became more friendly. He had the pleasure of listening to her divine voice, as her cousin had called it, and when he left the court he was madly in love with her.

He had up to this time entertained a rooted aversion to matrimony—even now he could not quite make up his mind to propose to Lilian, but thought he would wait and see how he felt. He was delighted to find that she lived in London, and struck up a tremendous friendship with her brother, whom he bade to dinner and many other entertainments. Every day after he was parted from Lilian he felt worse and worse; he began even to think that it was the best thing in the world for a young man to settle down, and that the constant presence of a domestic angel must make Heaven of earth.

So when Lilian returned to London Charlie aided and abetted by his namesake, contrived to see a great deal of her. He was invited to dine at her mother's house, and one evening, when he had inveigled her into the charming conservatory that led out of the drawing-room, he, in the midst of pretending to admire a flower, turned suddenly to her, and in a voice that was a little unsteady, exclaimed:

"O, Lilian, can't you see how awfully in ove I am with you?"

Lilian looked down. She made no response to his words or to the pressure of the hand which seized her's.

"Don't you care a little for me, darling?" he asked.

Lilian turned away her head.

"You have quite forgiven me for what happened at the court, haven't you?" he pleaded, maladroitly.

She dragged her hand from his and turned a pair of flashing eyes upon him. "If you dare remind me——" she began.

"No, I won't, I won't," he interrupted her. "But, don't you see, darling"—and just the least twinkle of mischievousness came into his blue eyes—"if you feel so dreadfully bad about it, it would all be put quite straight by your marrying me. Then you may throw any number of wet sponges at me without having any qualms of conscience afterward."

This was too much. Lilian tore herself from him and rushed into the drawing-room. He followed her. Mercifully for him no one else was there.

"Forgive me, darling, and say that you do care a little for me," he pleaded, taking her hand for the third time.

"I—I will think about it," she murmured. "Think now," he said, kissing her whether she would or no.

And ultimately she decided to make him happy.

THE FUNNY MAN.

Reasons Why Many Writers Become Played Out.

Not many months ago the Boston *Courier* was quoted from one end of the country to the other. Its humorous lyrics gave it a great reputation suddenly, and the paper, hitherto unheard of, went up like a rocket. At the present time, however, we seldom find the *Courier* quoted, its verses are popular no longer—the rocket has fallen a stick. The experience which the *Courier* has had does not differ from the experience which many other American papers have had during the last ten years. The craze for humorous writing has possessed many a newspaper which led a glorious career a few weeks and then sank into obscurity. The trouble with the Boston *Courier* poet seems to have been that he worked himself out, and this, we will add, seems to have been the trouble with most of the newspaper humorists who have flourished and waned within the past decade. There is no harder task in the world than that of attempting the same class of work for a protracted period, and in the literary profession the hardest kind of work one can be called upon to sustain is humor. We have frequently remarked that no man can sustain any kind of literary work unless he be meanwhile constantly improving and replenishes his mind; he must read, study, converse, see, travel—in short, he must be feeding his intellectuals all the time upon a variety of food, or his intellectuals will severely be exhausted before his ambition has been satisfied. The greatest mistakes of funny writers are two. The first is in supposing that the mind is a self-feeding machine that is capable of producing indefinitely and requiring no special attention at the hands of the proprietors; the second is in supposing that the mind is capable of answering at once the demands of occasion, no matter how enormous those demands may be. The brain and the stomach are twins, and they demand similar treatment. The stomach demands regular refreshment and regular rest, and so does the brain. If the stomach doesn't get what it demands it causes serious trouble, but this trouble is a mere nothing compared with the worry, the vexation and the disappointment that an impoverished and abused brain will cause a man. It would be fair, we think, to estimate that about 80 per cent. of the newspaper writers in this country neglect their brains; in this estimate we do not, of course, include the large number whose possession of brains is simply an allegation. The humorists, so-called, make a still sorrier showing. We will venture to say that 95 per cent. of their number have petered out merely because they have failed to recognize the great truth that the intellectual machine must be kept in running order, or it will not run.

A writer should never play out; he should do good work up to the years of senility, and senility should not come to him any earlier than it comes to the blacksmith, the merchant or the farmer. But just as the blacksmith, the merchant and the farmer succeed in their vocations by exercising prudence and enterprise, so must the writer be willing to work out his ends. He must be "laying in" stock or his supply will quickly be exhausted. He must study and progress with the world, for the world is studying and progressing, and he who thinks not makes in that judgment a fatal mistake.—*Chicago News.*

The Bank-Runner.

One other person deserves some notice—that was Humphrey, the bank-runner. At that time the system of banking by checks and drafts was not in vogue. Merchants would go to New York to buy goods, taking the money with them for payment. They would take bank bills in preference to coin because of the convenience of carrying them. After the merchants from the interior had got through trading and returned home the New York banks would collect all the western bank bills and start out Humphrey with the funds redeemed. He was always accompanied by a guard, and both men were armed. On the up trip Humphrey would call at each bank and present such bills as had been issued by that particular bank. If the bank had eastern bank bills he would accept them in exchange, but if not, specie would be paid. The money would then be deposited for safe-keeping until the return trip from the west, when the deposits would be collected. Very few, if any, of the banks, would have sufficient paper money to redeem their bills, and the consequence would be that Humphrey would accumulate a large quantity of gold and silver. I recollect once of going out of Syracuse with a four-horse team, purposely to carry Humphrey and his money. I think he said he had $60,000 with him. The money usually was put into trunks and the trunks thrown into the boot under the driver's feet.—*Syracuse Herald.*

The Strangest Reception of the Civil War.

While the President was at Frederick City he passed a house containing a large number of rebel wounded. "Stop," said he, "let us go in here." And standing up in that hospital Mr. Lincoln said aloud that if the wounded men had no objection he would be glad to take them by the hand. "The solemn obligation," said he, "which we owe to our country and posterity, compels the prosecution of this war, but it is probable that many are our enemies through uncontrollable circumstances. I bear these no malice and take them by the hand with sympathy and good feeling." Looking at the tall man standing there, the embodiment in their ignorance and intensity of all the hatred they bore the Union, a strange dissonance, like bells that begin to tingle before they are chimed, went through the house. The silence continued until it looked as if there was no brotherhood. Suddenly one man walked up and took the President's hand. The others caught the infection and followed. It was the strangest reception of the civil war.

A Child on the Wages of Sin.

My little boy, aged 4½ years, had learned the Mikado's song, and did not quite understand the meaning of the chorus, which runs as follows:

"My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time,
To make the punishment fit the crime,
The punishment fit the crime."

I had endeavored to illustrate the idea. The following morning morning, at breakfast, he began to play with the cruet stand. I told him not to do so. He persisted, and at last upset it and spilled the red pepper on the tablecloth. I said "Now, Allan, you were disobedient and upset the pepper caster, and I should make the punishment fit the crime by putting some of the red pepper on your tongue." He looked up like a flash and asked: "Would the punishment be the same, papa, if I upset the sugar-bowl?"—*Bay View.*

Humor.

HOW THEY GO TO SLEEP.

The Slanderous Story of an Eastern Journalist.

There is an article going the rounds entitled "How the Girls Go to Sleep." The manner in which they go to sleep, according to the article, can't hold a candle to the way married women go to sleep.

Instead of thinking what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterward. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while snugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his head in front of the fire and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she exclaims:

"James, did you lock the door?"

"What door," says James.

"The cellar door," says she.

"No," says James.

"Well, you had better go down and look it, for I heard some one in the back yard last night."

Accordingly James paddles down the stairs and locks the door. About the time James returns and is going to bed she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut the cat will get up into the chamber."

"Let her come up, then," says James, illnaturedly.

"My goodness, no!" returns his wife; "she'd suck the baby's breath."

Then James paddles down stairs again and stens on a tack, and closes the stair door, and curses the cat, and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observes:

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring up some in the big tin."

And so James, with a muttered curse, goes down into the dark kitchen and falls over a chair and raps all the tinware off the wall in search of the "tin," and then jerks the stair door open and howls: "Where the deuce are the matches?"

She gives him minute directions where to find the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the whole neighborhood raised about it; after which James finds the matches, procures the water, and comes up stairs and plunges into bed.

Presently his wife says: "James, let's have an understaning about money matters. Now, next week I've got to pay—"

"I don't know what you'll have to pay and don't care," shouts James as he lurches around and jams his face against the wall, "all I want is sleep."

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the covers viciously; "you are not think of the trouble I have. And there is Araminta, who, I believe, is taking the measels."

"Let her take 'em," says James.

Hereupon she begins to cry softly, but about the time James is falling into a gentle sleep she punches him in the ribs with her elbows and says:

"Did you hear the scandal about Mrs. Jones?"

"Where?" says James, sleepily.

"Why, Mrs. Jones."

"Where?" inquires James.

"I declare," said his wife, you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones that lives in No. 21? Well day before yesterday Susan Smith told Mrs. Thompson that Sam Barker had said that Mrs. Jones had—

Here she paused and listened. James is snoring in profound slumber. With a snort of rage she pulls all the covers off him, wraps up in them, and lies awake until 2 A. M., thinking how badly used she is.

And this is the way some married women go to sleep.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Gratitude to Germany.

The European nations should love Germany for the same reason a certain schoolboy loved his teacher. The story is told as follows:

A schoolboy about ten years old was, the other day, halted by a benevolent-minded citizen on Second street and asked if he liked to go to school.

"No, sir!" was the prompt reply.

"Then you don't love your teacher?"

"N—yes, sir. That is, I didn't until yesterday, but now I do. I think she's just bully."

"Why have you loved her since yesterday?"

"Well, you know Jack Caine? Well, he's the worst fighter in our room. He can lick me and two other boys with one hand tied behind him. Well, he was going to lick me last night, and he was shaking his fist at me in school, and showing his teeth and getting me all excited when the teacher saw him."

"Did, eh?"

"You bet she did; and the way she took him out of that and walloped him and humbled him down made me feel as if she was a mother to me! When school was out Jack dasn't touch nobody. He was wilted down, and when I hit him with a hunk of dirt he never even looked around. I guess I'm going to try and lick him in the morning, before he gets over feeling humble."—*Texas Siftings.*

Johnny Discovers a Hayseed.

"There's a hayseed, pa," said Johnny, as a substantial looking countryman came into the cars this morning.

"See here, Johnny," said pa, with threatening severity, 'don't you ever let me hear you call anybody from the country a hayseed. Only ignorant persons designate country people by a term emblematic of entire greenness."

"I didn't know it was wrong, pa," expostulated the boy.

"My son, your grand-parents, even down to the ground ring on the family step-ladder, were from the country, and—"

"Country people don't know as much as city people, do they pa?"

"Certainly they do. Take a city bred man, put him on a farm among the articles he has in his daily diet, and he will ask questions fully as simple and stare about as badly as a country man when he comes to the city. He'll want to know who churns the apple butter. He don't know whether potatoes grow on trees or bushes, and whether apples grow on stalks or not."

"I don't want to be green, anyhow, pa," persisted Johnny.

"Rather green than ripe, my boy. Always remember that extreme ripeness is the border land to permanent decay."

And the old man leaned back, having rubbed in something Johnny would never forget.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Why the Youth Blushed.

"Charley," said a fond sister, "there's a batch of white powder on your coat collar. How did it get there?"

"White powder, where?"

"Why, there, and here's some more on your sleeve."

"Oh, yes, I know. I just came from the barber shop, and he must have done it."

"But here's a long yellow hair. Do barbers have such long hair as that, Charley?"

"Pshaw, no, of course they don't. Probably some young lady had been getting her bangs clipped, and sat in the same chair I did."

"Well, but Charley," continued his tormentor, "there's the corner of a handkerchief sticking out of your pocket and some writing on it. Let me see, it says, 'Lilla Sm——.'"

"Oh, get out, you pest, that's only one Jim Floyd gave me to carry back to the owner."

"There's a hairpin sticking out of your vest pocket, Charley; does that belong to Jim Floyd or the barber? And there's——"

But the enemy had retreated.

Kings That He Had Seen.

Mrs. Traveller—While we were abroad my husband met a real live king. Just think of a body and fleshy king! They were travelling, and the king asked my husband to call on him when they reached Paris. He called.

Mrs. Stay-at-home—My husband, not long ago called on four kings. What do you think of that?

Mrs. Traveller—You don't mean it.

Mrs. Stay-at-home—Yes, I do. That foolish call prevented me from having a sealskin.

Advice to a Young Man.

"What do you say to a lady when you are at a ball?" asked a young gentleman who went to a ball for the first time.

"Talk to her about her beauty," replied the friend who had been there before.

"But suppose she hasn't got any?"

"Then talk to her about the ugliness of the other women who are present."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Delicate German Joke.

"Aught that horrid man stepped on my bit foot," the pretty dear young lady, that is impolite. How can a person having such a beautiful little foot as you possess a big toe."—*Berlin Kreuz.*

WINDING UP THE OWL.

A Bewildered Man's Adventure in a Museum.

In one of the New York museums, in a wire cage, is a monster owl, with eyes as big as $5 gold pieces. A solemn-looking man wandered from the serpent's den to the owl's cage, and his eyes met those of the captive bird. As he walked around the cage the big, flat eyes of the owl remained fixed upon him. He kept on, and, while the claws of the bird clutched the rod on which it perched, the eyes neither winked nor wavered. Three times he made the circuit of the cage, keeping his eyes fixed on those of the owl. Then he halted, still eyeing the bird, and a perplexed look came over his face. Again he started on with quicker step, and as often as he made the circuit of the cage he closed one finger of his open hand. After he had doubled over seven fingers an attendant in the museum came up and asked him what it was all about.

"Go way," said the man, without taking his eyes from the owl, and he kept on around till he had closed the other finger and both thumbs. Then he halted, and still keeping his eyes fixed on those of the owl he said:

"I've walked around that owl ten times since I began counting, and three or four times before, and he hasn't taken his eyes off of me yet nor let go the perch with his claws. He ought to be pretty near wound up, hadn't he?"

The museum man thought the stranger was a crank, and went off to attend to some boys who were pestering the monkeys.

With the observation that he could keep on walking as long as the owl could keep turning his head around without letting go with his claws the stranger started on. He made eight or ten more circuits, and then halted and waited to see the owl's head fly back like a piece of twisted Indian rubber. But the owl's eyes remained fastened upon him with a placid look.

"Well, that beats me," said the man, and he disappeared down the stairway.

What puzzled the man has been a puzzle to naturalists also. One of the solutions is that after each turn the owl's head flies back so quickly that the human eye cannot detect the movement.—*New York Sun.*

McCaull and the Consul.

During the summer Col. McCaull, of the McCaull Opera company, was in a little town in Germany, where he made a contract with a new tenor. It was necessary to have the contract signed in the presence of the American consul. Col. McCaull walked into the consul's office at about 4 o'clock one afternoon. The consul's deputy, a young Englishman, was on duty.

"Here's a contract I wish to sign, and I want your seal on it," said the colonel.

"Aw, yaas; but ye know we cawn't do it to-day."

"What's the matter with to-day?"

"Well, it is near the close of office hours, don't ye know, and I'm going out for a dwive. Cawn't you come back day after to-morrow?"

The colonel was so amazed at this cool suggestion that, strange to say, he could not think of any profane expression strong enough to fit the case. Speaking in the cold, stern tone that the patrician father uses on the stage when he addresses the obnoxious suitor for his daughter's hand, the colonel said—

"Young man, if you think I'm going to stay for two days in this sauerkraut and pretzel one-night-stand just to oblige you, you're devilishly mistaken. Two days of my time is worth more than you can make in a year and a half. I want to catch a train. Trot out your stars and striped seal—"

"But really, you know, we cawn't."

"You cawn't nothing. Look here, I'm a Democrat."

"Yaas. I'm told that there's quite a number of Democwats in your country, but weally—"

Then (to pianissimo fiddling to an imaginary orchestra) the colonel said:

"Hist! Mark well my words. I'm an intimate friend of Grover Cleveland, the Democratic President of the United States of North America, and (music getting louder) by the living Jingo, I've got a corrugated neck just like his. Now I can reach him within one hour by cable, and if I do there will be a change in this consulate that'll make you dizzy, and you'll be fired out quick enough to make a Bulgarian king's head swim."

The deputy consul put off his drive for half an hour, and the colonel caught his train.—*Texas Siftings.*

They Talked All Night.

There were two characters at Lynn not many years ago who were famous through all the neighboring country as interminable talkers. Either of them would buttonhole a man and talk to him until there was no salvation for him but to plunge and run; and when the two got at each other the talk-mill on Beacon hill was nothing to the rest.

One night, just after sunset, these two famous conversationalists got together on the front porch of one of them and began to gossip. The talk ran on and on while the shades of night deepened, and showed no signs of cessation. By and by one of the men happened to look up in the midst of a sentence and saw a great glare of light off in the distance.

"Gracious heavens!" said he, "there's an almighty big fire over Marblehead way!"

"Durned if there ain't," said the other, looking up.

They actually stopped talking and bent their eyes on the rising conflagration. Slowly it mounted upward above the horizon and hung suspended in the air. It was the sun.—*Boston Record.*

An Afflicted Mother's Grief.

Over in a small Iowa town the other day the daughter of a widow eloped with a good-for-nothing sort of fellow. One of the neighbors fearing of the escapade, went over to the house to console the bereaved mother. She found her sitting disconsolately in the doorway with eyes red from incessant weeping. Upon broaching the subject of her daughter's elopement, the poor widow's tears broke out afresh, and she sobbingly said:

"I—I wouldn't have cared so much, but Maria, when she jumped from the window——"

Here she broke down completely and commenced sobbing harder than ever, and rubbed in something Johnny would never forget.

"Why the Youth Blushed."

"Charley," said a fond sister, "there's a batch of white powder on your coat collar. How did it get there?"

"White powder, where?"

"Why, there, and here's some more on your sleeve."

"Oh, yes, I know. I just came from the barber shop, and he must have done it."

"But here's a long yellow hair. Do barbers have such long hair as that, Charley?"

"Pshaw, no, of course they don't. Probably some young lady had been getting her bangs clipped, and sat in the same chair I did."

"Well, but Charley," continued his tormentor, "there's the corner of a handkerchief sticking out of your pocket and some writing on it. Let me see, it says, 'Lilla Sm——.'"

"Oh, get out, you pest, that's only one Jim Floyd gave me to carry back to the owner."

"There's a hairpin sticking out of your vest pocket, Charley; does that belong to Jim Floyd or the barber? And there's——"

But the enemy had retreated.

Kings That He Had Seen.

Mrs. Traveller—While we were abroad my husband met a real live king. Just think of a body and fleshy king! They were travelling, and the king asked my husband to call on him when they reached Paris. He called.

Mrs. Stay-at-home—My husband, not long ago called on four kings. What do you think of that?

Mrs. Traveller—You don't mean it.

Mrs. Stay-at-home—Yes, I do. That foolish call prevented me from having a sealskin.

Advice to a Young Man.

"What do you say to a lady when you are at a ball?" asked a young gentleman who went to a ball for the first time.

"Talk to her about her beauty," replied the friend who had been there before.

"But suppose she hasn't got any?"

"Then talk to her about the ugliness of the other women who are present."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Delicate German Joke.

"Aught that horrid man stepped on my bit foot," the pretty dear young lady, that is impolite. How can a person having such a beautiful little foot as you possess a big toe."—*Berlin Kreuz.*

A Lass, a Lass!

"Woman," says Ouida, "is the enemy of freedom." True, most true. She is apt to marry as soon as she comes of age. She is the dependent of parents and nurse in her cradle, in bondage to her teachers all her school days, a slave of fashion from the day she graduates until her wedding day, after that she is ruled by her husband or tyrannized over by her servants. Then she is a servant unto her children until they are all married, after which she is "bossed" by her sons and daughters-in-law, and at last she lives and dies a loving, gentle bondage to the grandchildren, who prattle about it. Yes, indeed, it's little enough of freedom a woman knows. "Oh, you poor woman!" we heard amid the chatter and clamor of "Vanity Fair." "Oh, you poor secret martyrs and victims, whose life is a torture, who are stretched on racks in your bedrooms, and who lay your heads down on the block daily at the drawing-room table; every man who watches your pains, or peers into those dark places where the torture is administered to you must pity you—and—thank God he has a beard. * * * And so, if you properly tyrannize over a woman, you will find a ha' p'orth of kindness act upon her, and bring tears to her eyes, as though you were an angel benefiting her."—*Bardette.*

A Story About Uncle Rube.

Here is a story which was written out by an esteemed reader of the Chicago *Herald*, and slipped under the door-mat:

Two men were standing on the sidewalk near the Northwestern depot on Wells street the other morning, waiting for the Wells street bridge to close, conversing in an idle manner, when old Uncle Rube came sauntering along. One of the men said to him, "It isn't so, is it, Uncle?"

"Which am not what?" asked the old darkey.

"Well, this gentleman here says it costs more for a married man to live than it does one not married. I say no! Now, what do you say?"

"Well, am you a mar-ed man, sah?"

"No, I am not."

"Well, sah, whenever you heah a mar-ed man make de remark dat it doan cost him no mo' to lib dan befo' he was jined in wedlock, doan you hesitate to calkelate dat dat man am a base fabricator or dat his wife takes in washin.' Mornin', gem'en."

Got Away Just in Time.

"My dear sir," said a stranger approaching a distinguished looking gentleman in Arkansas, "I am in a very embarrassing position, and—but am I mistaken in supposing you are a lawyer?"

"I am a lawyer, sir."

"Quite recently I received a considerable sum of money to use my influence in a certain way. Now I am in possession of another sum to exert it another way. Which should I refund?"

"Sir," said the lawyer, "it is your plain duty to retain both sums."

"Thanks. I see that I was not mistaken in appealing to you. I am willing to pay you a reasonable sum for your advice. But what is your name?"

"Sir, I am Attorney-General Garland."

"Good God! Here, take both piles."

And the stranger fled to save his coat.

Retribution.

The liar was telling some of his friends in the smoking-car how he was a government contractor during the war, and on one occasion he worked in 5,000 pairs of shoes with pasted soles.

"Was that just before Second Bull Run?" queried a farmer-looking man on a seat near by.

"I believe it was."

The farmer pulled off an old shoe and exhibited a bunion as big as his fist.

"I got a pair of your shoes," he said, as he stood up, "and they made this bunion and lamed me up so that I was captured and spent six months in Andersonville. Stranger, prepare to git the darnedest licking on this earth."

They had to admit that he was only sixteen years old when the war closed, and to furnish the bunion man with a cigar.—*Wall Street News.*

She Was Willing to Let It Go By.

Here is a story by a festive and veracious telegraph operator. A woman went into the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern depot telegraph office Fourth of July afternoon and wanted to send a message to La Porte, Ind. It being a holiday the operator informed her the office hours were only to 10 a. m., and it being much after that he was afraid he could not raise the La Porte office, and that she must take her own chances. "All right," she said, "send it any way, and if there isn't any one there to stop it, why let it go by; there is no secret about it, young man."

Twilight in the Adirondacks.

"Dan'l," said the President, toying with the wing of a sparrow he had just shot, "what is that cloud in the east mean?"

"'Tis but a fog bank, sire."

"But, Dan'l, I hear thunder."

"That, sire, is but the sound of labor in the Vermont quarries."

"Dan'l, it's further off than that. Can it be in Maine?"

"Sire, I can conceal the fact no longer. Brother Reed has sat down on Brother Clifford."

"Dan'l, hand me that cup of tea."

Fun in a Church.

An amusing incident happened in a Liverpool church. The pews had been varnished the week previous and were not yet entirely dry. The congregation did not know this. The clergyman came out of the vestry room and began the service by reading the sentence: "Rend your hearts and not your garments, etc." the people rising as he began. But to the horror of every one they found themselves stuck fast to the seats, and, though they had just been told not to do so, many of them literally rent their garments in their efforts to get up.

Did He Prove It?

"The worst thing about you, old man, is that in argument you always take the opposite side, no matter what you really think."

"Nonsenses, dear boy; and to prove it I'll admit that you are right."

"Then you confess it?"

"On the contrary, I have disproved your position by agreeing with you for once."

"Yes; but——"

And he hasn't yet been able to decide where the flaw lies. Nor have I.—*Puck.*

Mutual.

Billings (meeting Baxter who is walking rapidly along the street)—Hellos, Baxter, why this rush?

Baxter—I am walking fast to keep that fellow Staggs from catching up with me. He's an awful bore. So long.

Billings (meeting Staggs, who is walking slowly)—Hallos, old fellow, why are you poking along this way?

Staggs—To keep from catching up with that fellow Baxter. He's the worst bore a town.—

Recent Literature.

Ben Perley Poore has been a looker on at Washington for a period of 40 years and most of that time was connected with some public journal. He has been familiar with those whose names have passed into history, has watched the stirring events that have brought such great social changes to the country, and having a good memory, vivid imagination, and a graphic pen, is fitted, as few persons are, to write a readable book of the character of "Reminiscences of Sixty Years in the National Metropolis," the first volume of which has just been published by Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia. The newspaper training of the author has stood him in most excellent stead in the preparation of the work, for he has not filled his book with tiresome details, but has seized salient points and touched them with satire, and told the stories in a piquant way that is extremely amusing. People always enjoy personal details of great men and women. They like to know what their daily life was, how they moved and acted, and if Mr. Poore has made some of the characters described, more entertaining than were the realities, his readers will not be disturbed thereby.

The book is copiously illustrated, the portraits many of them being distinctly recognizable. The print is large and clear, the paper and binding both excellent. Taken altogether the work is one which cannot fail to meet with popular favor. It is sold by subscription only.

"La Langue Francaise" is the title of a new work for learning French by the natural method, which William R. Jenkins, New York, has just issued. The author, Prof. Paul Bercy, a graduate from one of the French universities, has been a very successful teacher during several years, and has embodied in this treatise a system of his own, which, while based upon the principles of Heness and Sauveur, leads the student gradually forward from the simplest forms of the language into and through its more difficult constructions and grammar. The work, with its full exercises, phonetic and annotations, which are found on each page, will be of great assistance to the teacher using it as well as to the student, obviating the necessity, as it does, of constantly answering difficult questions. $1 25

"The Labor Movement in America," by Richard T. Ely, of the John Hopkins university, has recently been issued by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. The author is well known as an authority upon social and economic topics, not only in this country but in Europe. It is an historical sketch of the origin and growth, both of socialism and labor organizations, and is the result of wide reading and research, and of travel in different countries. The author has spent many years in gathering together the facts which are presented in these pages, and the result is a work of great value.

Part first of the "Memoirs of My Life," by John Charles Fremont, accompanied by a "Sketch of the Life of Senator Benton," by Jesse Benton Fremont, has been issued by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago and New York. It is printed upon heavy paper in clear type, and is well illustrated. If this is a correct index of the whole work, it will prove a very good one. The style is easy and pleasant, almost conversational in fact, the engravings in this part of the work is exceptionally fine, that of "Among the Buffalo." It is to be sold in 20 parts, at 50 cents each.

From Ford's National Library, New York, comes "Leaves from a Prison Diary," or, "Lectures to a 'Solitary' Audience," by Michael Davitt, the founder of the Land League of Ireland. It opens with a sketch of Mr. Davitt, which is quite interesting. The lectures are the products of his prison life, for having been incarcerated three times, the last for five months. Three subjects are embraced in the work: Convict Life in English Dungeons; the Land and Labor questions; and Home Rule for Ireland. Those who have watched the movements in Ireland for the last few years will read this book, published in pamphlet form, with great interest.

A catalogue of the books published by that firm has been recently issued by Macmillan & Co., New York, which includes the works of the Oxford Clarendon Press and the Cambridge University Press. It is carefully classified and completely indexed, and will be found very convenient.

No. 34 of Cassell's National Library, edited by Prof. Morley, is "Milton's Earlier Poems," including the Cooper translations of those in Latin and Italian. Cassell & Co., New York.

From Ign. Fischer, Toledo, O., comes a piece of music entitled, "A Lovely Thought; Song Without Words," for the piano, by Fanny Thorne, and arranged by J. E. Eckers. Price 50 cents.

Literary Notes.

Mr. Howells is receiving subscriptions for the purchase from Mr. Osgood of the Healey portrait of Longfellow. It is proposed to pay $1,500 for it, and to place it in the Memorial Hall of Harvard.

The sale of "King Solomon's Mines" has reached 35,000 copies, and new editions in cloth and paper are being rapidly printed.

Gen. Adam Badeau is to write a series of "War Stories for Boys and Girls" for the coming year of *St. Nicholas*. They will be panoramic descriptions of single contests or short campaigns.

Mr. Mallock's new volume, which will shortly be published in London by Bentley, and in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is entitled "The Old Order Changes."

Mrs. Oliphant is writing a series of articles to appear in the *Century* during the coming year, describing some of the celebrated men and women of Queen Anne's reign, including the Queen, the Duchess Sara, Dean Swift and Daniel Defoe.

Jean Ingelow's forthcoming prose work "John Jerome: His Thoughts and Ways," is a series of letters in the latter manner made the vehicle for giving her views upon some of the prominent social questions of the day.

There are over a hundred illustrations in Rev. J. G. Wood's "Half Hours with a Naturalist; Rambles Near the Shore," which Mr. Whittaker publishes this week.

A very interesting "Talk About Bridges," by Rossiter Johnson, in the October *Wide Awake*, conveys much information in a bright, attractive manner; and the many admirers of Sophie May will find "The Gypsy Monkey" one of her best.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer, who has recently written about American Architecture, in *The Century*, will contribute to the same magazine a series of papers on some of the typical English cathedrals, to be illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

The story of the Saracens, by Arthur Gilman, which G. P. Putnam's Sons have nearly ready, will contain a list of books on the subject of the life of the Arabian prophet, the religion he preached, and kindred topics, drawn from the writings of some two hundred authors.

Estes & Lauriat are just putting the finishing touches upon an elaborately illustrated edition of Owen Meredith's "The Earl's Return." The pictures are reproduced by what is known as "photo-etching," a name which give no idea of the process, which in reality aims at attaining the effects produced by photogravure. Photo-etching is the invention of Mr. Fred Allen, who was for many years in the employ of the firm.

The next issue of the new "Classical Series" which Harper and Brothers are issuing, under the editorial supervision of Prof. Drisler, of Columbia College, will be an edition of the last nine books of Homer's Iliad. The text has been edited by Prof. Tyler, of Amherst College, who has added an introduction and a large number of explanatory notes.

The leading feature of the *Century* for 1886-7 will be "The Authorized Life of Lincoln," by his confidential secretaries, John George Nicolay (now Marshal of the Supreme court of the United States) and Col. John Hay (lately assistant secretary of state of the United States). This work, which was begun under the sanction and assistance of Pres. Lincoln himself, and has been continued under the authority of the sole survivor of the President's immediate family, has been in active preparation during the past sixteen years.

Funk & Wagnalls, of New York, announce "The Buddhist Diet Book," prepared by Laura C. Holloway. It is a compilation of dishes used by Buddhists in Europe and the East, interspersed with explanations of the religious convictions of this great sect regarding foods. The work will arouse general curiosity, and be of value to vegetarians, of whom there are large numbers in this country. Mrs. Holloway writes with authority on this subject, having been for some months in Buddhists' homes in England and Prussia, where she enjoyed the advantages of an unmixed vegetarian diet.

THE NEW STAMPED ENVELOPE

And Letter Sheet Combined Having a Good Sale Here.

Inquiry at the post-office this morning developed the fact that the new combined stamped envelope and letter sheet, which were recently placed on sale here, are taking a firm hold on the business men, and are selling very readily. As an experiment 1,000,000 of the stamps were distributed among the 258 first-class postoffices. If the demand there for them proves to be as great as was expected, the smaller offices will at once be supplied with them. It is possible that curiosity has heightened the demand to an unnatural point during the past few days, but the envelopes are so handy and clever of contrivance that the popular verdict can hardly fail to be favorable to them.

There is serious objection urged against the device in one quarter, and that is among the stationers. They do not see the justice in the government favoring one contractor by going into the wholesale and retail stationary business and acting as his agent exclusively.

It is a curious fact that these letter-sheet envelopes were authorized by act of Congress as long ago as 1879. An attempt was made by Postmaster Gen Howe to carry out the law, but the contractor who was to have provided the letter-envelopes did not fulfill his contract, and nothing was done. It was not until Mr. Vilas came into the Cabinet that any notice was taken of the law which had been a dead letter since its passage. Mr. Vilas was sanguine of the scheme's success and the contract for the supply of letter envelopes was given to Mre I. H. Rogers, of New York, who had taken out a patent for the device, which is in use to-day, on July 1, 1879. The company which Mr. Rogers had formed to manufacture letter envelopes was authorized by Postmaster Gen. Vilas to supply the people with them through the postoffices. The government carefully avoided shouldering any risk in the venture. According to the terms of the contract the paper is to be made under government supervision in New York City or Hartford, Conn., where government inspectors are already stationed. The expense of creating new inspectorships was thus avoided.

The die of the stamp was made by the government at the contractor's expense, and if the contract is not carried out this die will return to the government. The contractors are bound to supply the sheets to the postoffices free of all charges for transportation. The government gets a very nice slice of the profit made by the sale of the letter-envelopes. The public pays $23 for each thousand sold, and out of this $20 goes to the government for postage stamps in full at 2 cents apiece, and 15 cents additional for putting the letter-envelope on sale. The contractors have to get their profit out of the remaining $2 85. Still further to guard the government against loss it is provided that the contractors are to be paid only for the sheets sold.

If the letter-sheet envelopes come into general use, they cannot fail to give the government another and an indirect profit, by curtailing the printing of stamps and postal cards, upon which the government makes nothing like the profit assured to it on letter-sheet envelopes. Of course anybody besides Mr. Rogers can manufacture and sell a combined letter sheet and envelope which does not infringe his patent, but they would not have the stamp affixed, nor would they have the advantage of an agency in every postoffice in the land.

DE ALGERNON AND M'DICKENS

Tale of Two Western Men Who Fought for Their Mother-in-Law.

Once there was a widow woman who had two lovely daughters. When these daughters grew up they married two young men, named DeAlgernon and McDickens. They were married on the same day, and immediately went to housekeeping, one in St. Joe and the other at Kansas City. There was great rivalry between the sons-in-law as to which should have the honor and pleasure of furnishing the mother-in-law a home. The mother-in-law, regarding her sons-in-law with equal favor, decided that she would live a while with one, and a while with the other. With this the young men were apparently content. Accordingly the mother-in-law took up her residence with De Algernon in St. Joe, and immediately he began to make his home so attractive that his mother-in-law would not think of leaving. He first threw away his lamps and put in gas, which the good mother regarded as very nice. While De Algernon was congratulating himself that mother, as he called her, was so perfect in the better came from McDickens that he had not only put in gas, but grates in every room, and steam heat. This was too tempting for mother, and amid the tears of her son and daughter, she tore herself away and went to Kansas City. Everything was lovely until DeAlgernon wrote to mother that he had not only put in grates and steam, but at great expense he had put in an elevator. The elevator caught mother, and, notwithstanding the tearful pleadings of McDickens, she went back to St. Joe. But she hadn't been there long before a letter came from McDickens stating that besides gas, steam heat and elevators, he had frescoed his dining-room walls with ducks and other eatable fowls. Again mother changed her residence to Kansas City. She is there now, but it safe to predict that she will not remain there long, for DeAlgernon is a man of wealth and resources, and swears that he will put in the incandescent electric light.

She Would Not Initiate Him.

When Mr. Widgeon came home last evening the first thing he said to his esteemed wife was: "Mary, I have joined the Knights of Labor."

She glared at him with an expression that set his teeth on edge as she cried:

"A Knight of Labor, ch?" You'll make a sweet old Knight of Labor!"

"Why, Mary, it's a noble organization, and—"

"Yes, I know it is; and now I suppose you'll be a walking-delegate or chairman of the committee on boycotting while I'm hustling around in the back yard trying to rake enough wood to make a fire!"

"I know you, Widgeon; in my mind's eye I see you addressing a large and enthusiastic audience and telling your brethren in toil to shake off the giant grasp of monopoly that is crushing the life blood from them; but you don't tell them how your wife is down in the cellar wrestling with a barrel of apples or trying to plug up the hole in the stovepipe with a piece of carpet.

"I can imagine you filling the air with eloquence about the horny-handed workingman and an injury to all being the concern of one; but I can't fancy you nailing a few shingles on the roof to keep the water from soaking the flour barrel.

"I want you to understand, John Henry, that you have joined enough orders already; you are high key bearer of the Knights of Gambrinus, Past Grand Chieftain of the Royal Order of Free Lunch Hunters, Supreme Chancellor of the Ancient Order of Dog Catchers, and I don't know what else.

"I have seen you carrying banners and drilling and attending conventions until my soul is weary; and unless you stay home and act as Right Worthy Grand Chief Coal Carrier and Woodsawyer, you will think you are married to an equestrian cyclone.

"Just drop that book of constitutions and by-laws, and trot down to the butcher's for a few spare ribs, or there will be about a dozen lodges in mourning to-morrow, and something else will be Grand Key Bearer."

And Mr. Widgeon smiled in a husky voice and obeyed.

She Found Her Superb-Looking Juno.

A Boston lady who returned from the White Mountains last week told the historian about an interesting experience that she had when she went there. She was greatly taken, on the train going to the mountains, with a young woman on the seat in front of her. She was in form, in face, in bearing, a veritable Juno. During the long ride she built many airy castles of imagination around the form of this god-like young person. She tried her on as a society queen, but she looked rather too sweet and unworldly to be that. She tried her as a countess traveling in the United States, but she didn't seem exactly foreign. The lady couldn't make anything else of her than a princess—an ideal princess, traveling incognito.

By and by her sojourning place was reached, and what was her delight to see the beautiful young woman alight and go to the hotel where she herself stopped.

"Now I shall have an opportunity to know her, perhaps, or at least to find out who she is," said that lady to herself.

That night at dinner the Boston lady seated herself at the table, and began peering about among the guests to see if the one who had charmed her so completely on the train was there. Suddenly she heard the voice of the waiter girl over her shoulder:

"Soup, ma'am?"

She looked up at the girl. Heavens and earth! It was her Juno, her princess of the journey from Boston!

All for Ten Cents.

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering on its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, yet we send it and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For picture cards and sample copy send to C. Gilmore, 213 N. Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

A GERMAN BREWER'S SON

Tells the Blade What He Thinks of His Father's Business—American vs. German Beer.

EDITOR BLADE:—I am from Germany. My father is a brewer. I served in your war. I tell you beer here has "more drunk" in it than the German beer. My father and mother both say so. We are rich, our customers are poor. I have to work and do as my father tells me, in his New York state brewery. Where does the money come from that builds the Col. Jonas French's distilleries? I will tell you. You know; the people know. It comes from poor clerks, drummers, laboring men. Before they get home on a Saturday night our beer and rum saloons, so full of music and pretty girls, intercept them. I am ashamed of this business. We Germans have no right here only as visitors. We have no right to set temptation to boys. We, more than any other class, desecrate your American Sabbath. We turn your day of worship into a day of wantonness and drunkenness and loud debauch. You Americans are the most patient class on God's earth.

You allow us more privilege than any government on this planet e joys. I do not think if every distillery and brewery was stopped on this planet that times would be worse. *Puck* says: "What fools these mortals be." What fools are soldiers to swill down our stuff. We Germans do not believe in a personal God—hence our disregard of your Sabbath. Still I must say we have no right to treat you Americans, who waded through Indian blood to erect this form of government, so. Well, so long as you stand it we shall have contempt for all your laws. I am at times astounded at the carnival of drink.

I am a heavy tax payer. My father is. I tell you we make no such hellish stuff in Germany as we make here. But there is a demand for a fuddle. We take advantage of this present demand. We cater to it. We do not wish to see our customers drunk. If we could all make $50 a night, as Gov. St. John does, we would give up and shut up. Therefore, the love of money is the root of all evil. Gold is heavier than conscience. But I tell you, sir editor, there is many a generous brewer and distiller who gives more than the taxors to those of the family circle who suffer from the saloon.

Were it not for hypocrites who are superior to habits, who drink at our inner bars, there would be no drunkards. There would be no demand if there was no supply is too true. But Massachusetts and New York stupts us to lead men to drink for a license consideration. I am so ashamed of the resultants of our business, that if the government would buy us out and lead us into a more blessed business, many thousands of us would leave this damned, cursed business, and take the stump against anarchists with you. Even this will not suit you on the back and tell us it we will visit their churches we will hear no vulgar temperance talk among their sects.

I like the outspoken temperance men, whether they are prohibition or moral suasion orators. I respect them; but I have no respect for a rotten church that does not dare preach an apostolic truth. Why has the church degenerated? Because its ministers scoff at truth and say the age of miracles has passed. That is what made us Germans so largely infidel. This world needs another Luther and a bold Catholic to go together to tear down the devil's strongholds; then the devils would believe and tremble. St. John & Co. don't scare at all. H. B. BREWOR.

Boston, Sept. 27.

WHITE WINGS.

The egg the Galatea Henn laid was a goose egg.—*Washington Critic.*

Capt Henn won't need any rooster to crow when he gets back to the other side.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Lieut. Henn's yachting experience in these waters has been very Paine-ful.—*Boston Post.*

Let us hope that Lieut. Henn did not count his chickens before they were hatched.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Anxious Inquirer—No, we co not see anything peculiar in the fact that during the race Mrs. Henn peeped out of the hatchway.—*New Haven News.*

"There is quite a difference between Lieut. Henn, of the Galatea, and our American hens," observed the Snake Editor.

"I suppose there is," replied the Horse Editor, "but to what particular difference do you refer?"

"Well, the ordinary hen can lay but one egg at a time, while the commander of the yacht can lay-to."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Earthquake Shocks.

There is more suffering in Augusta among laboring people on account of the strike than there is in Charleston on account of the earthquake.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A good many of the colored people are satisfied that if the artesian wells had not been bored there would have been no earthquake. They are just as well satisfied with their theory as many of the scientists are with theirs.—*Savannah News.*

If the political platforms yet to be made are likely to be short for want of matter a full plank "viewing with alarm" the progress of earthquakes in this country might be prepared. The party that stands off the earthquakes will carry everything before it in 1888.—*Courier-Journal.*

In a negro neighborhood Tuesday while the earth was shaking the cry was raised that the judgment day was coming. An old mammy, with her kinky hair almost straight from fear, rushed out when she heard the announcement and gazed upward eagerly. Suddenly she shouted: "No hit ain't, honey; no hit ain't. De skies ain't moved. When judgment cums hit cums de hull earth away." No one was armed with the belief that on that dread day the heavens and the earth will rush together. It would be well if every man could sustain himself with some simple belief or philosophy in panicky times.—*Macon Telegram.*

Bright Jewels.

Rhinestone and cut-steel buckles are used for fastening velvet belts.

Young women may incline to flowers, birds, or butterflies in diamonds.

A number of pins with precious stones and diamonds are fastened in waists for evening wear.

A new coiffure consists of a small round piece of white or colored tulle twisted in a tiny turban and fastened by an ornament.

A kind of nigrette of flowers or plumes comes from the center of the turban. Young girls wear this small tulle puffing with a flower of fancy ornament.

Another graceful style is to have jewels in the form of flowers and insects fastened to a piece of ribbon, and either taken across the waist or arranged among the draperies.

A new jewel used for the hair and aro und the low neck of an evening dress, consists of tiny swallows, placed in lines of three or five, on fine gold wire, over which they appear to hover. This is a light and graceful ornament.

A Town With a Future.

A few days ago a railroad projector made a speech at the meeting in one of the towns which was competing with another in the same county to have the road run through it. After he had finished he was approached by a fine specimen of the far West pioneer who immediately began to boom his town. "I have named her Chicago," he said, "and she is bound to be as big a place as the other Chicago, sometime. You want to run your railroad through her. It will only take you about six miles out of the direct line, and the business you will get will be immense. Besides, you will be the first in and will get the best location for your depots. And then," he said, "it will be a big thing to run from Chicago to Chicago." Mr. Chase explained that they couldn't run the road around by every man's back door, and then asked him how big his town was. It wasn't very big yet, but it was bound to be a big town—as big as the other one sure.

"How many houses have you now?" inquired Mr. Chase.

"Well, we haven't any yet," the enthusiastic boomer admitted, rather reluctantly, "but I'm digging a well."—*Chicago Mail.*

Didn't See the Joke.

It was a banker in Pennsylvania who never made or saw a joke, aged 70 (no doubt he was as bright as the other "4-year-olds" who write to the Drawer), that came in one day from dinner and began to tell the cashier about seeing a man arrested in front of a store for stealing a pair of pantaloons. He drawled his narrative along in his hesitating way for an hour, till the cashier was exhausted, when the book-keeper, having overheard the thrilling tale, poked his head in at the door and asked:

"What did they do with him?"

"They arrested him, of course."

"But can they do anything to him?"

"Certainly; bring suit against him."

"O, they can? I didn't know they could make a suit out of a pair of pants."

And the good old banker never knew that anything had happened.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Gov. Foraker Tells a Story of Mission Ridge—How Its Hero was Found.

Gov. Foraker's visit to Toledo to-day was purely one of business, but he gave some of his valuable time to a BLADE reporter, and among other things told a story of the battle of Mission Ridge, which has but few equals for personal heroism in the annals of the war.

When the Confederates were making a desperate attempt to hold the crest, and the conflict had become a hand to hand fight, Capt. Foraker was ordered to capture a rebel battery. The order was executed, but the enemy rallied, and were pulling a captured gun over the ridge. For a moment the wheels were balanced on the summit and the victory was wavering. Men were clubbing each other with muskets, firing pistols in each others mouths, firing so close indeed that the powder singed their hair

At the critical moment Foraker saw a young, yellow-haired, white-faced boy jump astride one of the guns as if it was a horse. He sat there as erect as a Centaur, and with his bayonet stabbed the Johnnies one by one as they attempted to pull the gun away. Every hand which touched it was pierced by the bayonet, and soon the victorious Federals pulled the gun down the slope, and one decisive contest of the war was over.

Alas for the boy who had gained it. A parting shot from the rebels was aimed at his head and plowed its way through his scalp, furrowing the yellow hair in true pompadour fashion. "I only knew him as Sharp," said the governor, as he told the story. "That was a nickname he was known by in camp. But I never heard from him again until the Veterans' reunion at Portsmouth the other day, when a big, full-bearded G. A. R. man came up and shook hands with me, saying, 'I was in your regiment.'"

"'Were you at Mission Ridge?' I asked."

"'Indeed I was, and I came near never leaving there,' and the veteran smiled grimly as he took off his hat and showed a long scar, which parted his hair from brow to crown. It flashed through my mind that this was the boy who rode the gun and had been scalped by a rebel bullet. Sure enough, it was the same 'Sharp,' as the boys in camp had dubbed him. He was as delighted as I was to be remembered, and reported himself as a prosperous farmer. His right name is George W. Fellers, and he was a member of Co. D, 89th Ohio. His wound was not fatal, but he had a three weeks' vacation in the hospital."

SIX CURIOUS FACTS.

Japan has a population of 37,000,000, but has less than 10,000 paupers.

Some oak timber, which in 1824 had served for 364 years for roof beams in an English church, is still doing duty as a seat in a farmer's kitchen.

A clock pendulum at Avignon, France, the longest known, measures 67 feet, carries a weight of 132 pounds, and swings through an arc of between nine and ten feet in 4½ seconds.

The widest shaving ever made by a wood-working machine was recently placed on exhibition in a store in Winchendon, Mass. It was 42 inches wide, several feet long, and of uniform thickness.

A Wisconsin farmer, going down a hill with a load of hay, locked one of the wheels of the wagon. The friction of the wheel upon the ground struck a spark, which ignited the hay and started a fire that required eleven men to extinguish.

A physician says: "When a teaspoonful of warm honey is taken every 15, 20 or 30 minutes, it has a surprising effect on catarrh. Every family should have a glass of pure honey in the house, in order at once, after catching cold, to be able to use some."

A Dangerous Man.

The most peaceable and dangerous man in all this United States lives in Murray county, Ga. He is kind-hearted, good-tempered, never had a quarrel in his life, wouldn't hurt a fly, and everybody is afraid of him. About a year ago he was cutting wood, when John Day left off the handle and killed a man who had come to pay him $50. He never got a cent of the money. The next week, while ferrying a friend across the river, he ran the boat against a snag, and his friend was drowned. About a month later he felled a tree on top of a stranger, who was lying asleep in the woods, killing him instantly.

Not long after he shot at a wild turkey and killed a neighbor whom he did not see at all. Three weeks later he lighted a kerosene lamp, when it suddenly exploded, burning to death a coiporteur to whom the family had courteously extended the hospitality of his home. All this man's friends run when they see him coming. He would be afraid to extend any kindness, save to his enemies, if he had any. His last public act was to cross the street with a ladder on his shoulder last Fourth of July while the procession was passing, and when somebody shouted to him to "hurry on," he obligingly turned around and started back. The procession was laid out and the day was spoiled.

Coffee and Chicory.

Neither on English soil, nor on English ocean steamers, have I found it possible to get a decent cup of coffee, unless I purchased my own Java coffee, and stood over the coffee pot while it was being brewed. And even then, I had to watch most carefully to prevent its being spoiled by the addition of what Englishmen consider a great improver of foreign coffee, namely a pinch of burnt or Belgium bitter and black, hideous chicory.

I very well remember the difficulty I had with a kind landlady of an English country inn, in persuading her not to fling a bit of chicory into the pot of coffee she was making for me out of pure coffee I had brought with me, she, the kind old heart, constantly asserting she should not charge me a farthing for it, and that it would mightily improve my beverage. Less chicory, (succory, genus chicorium) is now grown in England than formerly; but an immense amount of it is imported there from Belgium, France and Germany, in which countries this perennial plant is largely used for food for men and cattle.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Pardonable Curiosity.

Speaking of being accosted on the street, an incident is related by a suburban lady which is probably without a duplicate. She was shopping in Boston the other day and wore a dress of dark material, close fitting, and perfectly plain throughout. On Temple place she was met by an elderly and comfortable-looking gentleman, who stopped her and said:

"Excuse me, madam, but do you mind telling me how much you paid for that dress you wear?"

The suburban lady was aghast, but she managed to say:

"I—I can't remember, sir, just how much it cost, but the material was 25 cents a yard. I don't remember how much the dress-maker was paid."

"I would like to have known," said the elderly gent, "about how much it cost, because I thought when I saw you coming that I should get one for my daughter."—*Boston Record.*

A Queenly Neck and No. 5 Shoe.

Mrs. Langtry sailed for this country on Saturday, accompanied by her mother, sister, four maids, fifty trunks and a Chinese favorite, who has lately come into a share of the statuesque actress's affection. The cabin which she used before the steamer Alaska is the handsomest on that model vessel and cost its fair occupant exactly $500, exclusive of extras, etc. As fitted up for Mrs. Langtry's occupancy it is said to be a most beautiful retreat. Valuable paintings adorn the frescoed walls, the finest Axminster deadens the sound of the metallic beauty's number five shoes, and an open piano of the finest make will invite her touch when seasickness does not claim her as its own. In older days there were children of genius, who, in their wanderings from country to country, sat in no such state as this; but that was before physical development passed for art, and the arch of a queenly neck was accepted as the evidence of histrionic worth.

The Housekeeper's Complaint.

"I am discouraged. I have too much to do. I am tired. I am sick. I suppose I was put into this house to keep it clean, but it is too much work. I won't try. I will go to sleep. I don't care what becomes of the house."

The above is an allegory. The discouraged housekeeper is the liver, which, indeed, is often called "the housekeeper of our health." If it does go to sleep as it threatened, a crowd of diseases are all ready to spring up as a consequence. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" acts upon the liver and assists it in its work of housekeeping and house-cleaning. It is the great liver remedy and blood cleanser, and cures all the long train of chronic maladies resulting from a torpid or sluggish, *sleepy* liver, such as sick headache, scrofulous diseases, ulcers, "fever sores," "white swellings," hip-joint disease, consumption of the lungs (which is really only scrofula manifesting itself in the delicate tissue of these organs, also all skin diseases, as blotches, pimples and eruptions, and all blood taints, however acquired.

Give the Boys a Chance.

The trade unions make a serious mistake when they undertake to limit the opportunities of American boys for learning useful trades.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

A WRITER in a London paper discourses about the danger of easy "intimacies," that is, of giving the confidence to people of whom one knows nothing except that they are pleasant companions when they are met socially. "The danger lies," he says, "in the facility with which companionship of this kind is mistaken for true intimacy, though it does not really imply anything approaching to it." A woman "will trust her life to the keeping of a man, of whose aims, of whose standard of right and wrong, of whose power and habit of living up to that standard she knows just as much and just as little as she does of the actors whom she has seen on the stage, though she is deceived into thinking she knows more, only because she happens in this case to have been one of the actors and not merely a passive spectator." There is more truth than poetry in this thought, for in nine cases out of ten the two persons who come together in marriage have no more conception each of the other's true character and real disposition, than of those of a dozen others in their circle of acquaintance. They are simply pleasant, social companions, and that is all.

THERE are quite as many mistakes made in friendship through these "easy intimacies" though the consequences are not as far reaching. Woman, especially, are apt to give their confidence to those with whom they have been familiarly associated when they have never proved their trustworthiness. It is one thing to have pleasant, familiar conversations about every day matters; it is another to impart what perhaps touches the inner life, and, which made light of, or misrepresented, would place one in an uncomfortable position, or possibly even worse, injure the reputation or put it in the gossips' hands to do with as they please. A real friend, a true friend, one who can be trusted to enter the holy of holies of your heart without desecrating it is among the best gifts that life can offer, but they are found in small numbers, and are only proved by trial. A certain amount of reserve, even with familiar companions, is a good thing to employ, for it gives not only a sense of safety, but of security.

YOUNG men who are questioned, as they sometimes are, about their matrimonial arrangements, by people who have only idle interest in the matter, might learn by heart Secretary Lamar's reply the other day to such an inquiry, and hold it ready to hurl at the inquisitor. "If I intended to be married," he said, "it would not be a proper thing for me to announce the fact prematurely, as there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and I might afterward be called upon to explain why the wedding did not come off. If I don't intend to be married," he continued, "it would be folly for me to advertise the fact, for a man is never sure of his own future in these matters. I might see a lady to-morrow who would make such an intention vain, and then my friends would say this man has deceived us. He is pretending." The case could not be better put. It is evident that whatever Mr. Lamar's fitness for his position in the Cabinet, he understands how to walk safely around a pitfall that is suddenly opened in his pathway. In other words, he has the tact not to commit himself in any way, and yet give no offense.

COLLECTIONS of all sorts and kinds seem to be a popular craze just now and they embrace almost everything under the sun. Curious as it may seem, there is scarcely anything which will not become a matter of interest, if one sets to work to find it in a variety, and it may be added that there is nothing which is not made in so many different fashions as to prevent any sameness in a collection. A few years ago there was a mania for button gathering, and stores were ransacked in those which were odd and curious. Picture cards have been a favorite subject, and they have not entirely lost their popularity yet, for they were, many of them, very beautiful. People who have the means, for it is an expensive taste to gratify, delight in odd bits of china, and these form an extremely attractive collection. Valentines had nothing to have a mania in some direction which shall occupy the thoughts and point the effort, even if the object seem a trivial one.

IT is surprising how ingenious people are when the question of amusements to while away the hours, which, for the fashionable world, drag their slow lengths along unless they are enjoying some novelty, is considered. The current number of Harper's *Weekly* has an illustration of a new entertainment at Lenox, the summering place in New England that divides the honors with Newport. It is called the "tub parade," and is made up of a procession of the "carts" which are almost invariably driven by women. They are trimmed with flowers in the most fantastic way, even the wheels being gaily bedecked, and the horses and drivers covered with blossoms. It is described as being a pretty pageant, one well worth seeing, and it adds another to the out door amusements which are becoming so popular.

THE season at summer resorts is now over, and people are getting back to their homes again, ready to prepare for the winter's campaign. To few of the many who have been at the seaside and among the mountains, it has been a real health restorative, but the fussing, the worry, the fashionable dressing, the determination to make an appearance, and the extravagant expenditure of money have made the change to many others any thing but a beneficial one. While the frequenters of summer haunts will imitate our English cousins as religiously in their Arcadian simplicity of dress at such places, as they do in other and less sensible ways, the weeks or months may be rendered really a time of rest, and of the kind of recreation that will strengthen both body and brain instead of exhausting them as now. When one daughter-in-law of a duke can, according to an accomplished correspondent of Harper's *Bazar*, appear in public clad in gingham, morning after morning, surely it would not be out of place for the belles this side of the water.

A SEASON of pleasure is dawning for male theater goers. Unuttered, but none the less emphatic, anathemas upon the befeathered, be-ribboned hats that obscured the stage to their vision, moving this way and that just when the dramatic intensity of the play, or some particularly ludicrous situation made a moment's distraction from any cause exceedingly annoying, will be needed no more, if the new order of things inaugurated becomes a social law. It is Boston, and they are Boston women who have made this new departure. They go to the theater, doff their bonnets or hats in the cloak room and getting checks for them, proceed to their seats. It need not be imagined that it is only those who are in full dress who thus sacrifice themselves, or their pretty headgear, to the comfort of others, for those in ordinary walking attire follow the same practice. It is a good fashion to import westward, and no doubt gentlemen will ardently wish the day to come quickly which will see its advent.

DECLINE IN PRICE OF FLOUR.

What It Cost in 1867, and What It Costs Now.

According to statistical records, the average price of wheat flour exported from the United States, for periods of eleven months ending with May of this year and twenty years past, has been as follows:

Year.	Price per 1,000 bbls.	Year.	Price per 1,000 bbls.
1886	$4,742	1876	$6,203
1885	4,897	1875	6,001
1884	5,588	1874	7,146
1883	5,056	1873	7,565
1882	6,214	1872	7,145
1881	5,669	1871	6,594
1880	5,878	1870	6,112
1879	5,252	1869	7,735
1878	4,342	1868	8,208
1877	4,479	1867	8,428

The movement has been steadily downward since 1866, excepting in several years when extraordinary causes checked the decrease. The bottom is reached in 1886, and now there are signs of an upward move that will accomplish a partial retrieval of the loss of the period mentioned.—*Scientific American.*

—In gathering wild flowers, autum leaves or picnicking in the woods, we are more or less exposed to danger from poisoning by ivy or other wild vines and shrubs. The poison is under certain circumstances readily absorbed by the blood, and painful swellings or eruptions are caused. Such affections as Hood's Sarsaparilla readily cures, as it expels all impurities from the blood. Even in cases of poisoning by Paris green, Hood's Sarsaparilla has been remarkably successful. It should be kept constantly in the house for all blood disorders. Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., and is sold by all druggists. 100 doses $1.

A Reflection at the Sea-side.

On a first glimpse of the sea: "Astonishing! Who would have thought there could be as much water as that? "True; and remember you only see what's on top."—*Tid-Bits.*

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

OLD COMRADES.

E. A. BOYDEN.

Together we have tramped thro' life,
And onward still are tramping;
Old Time has stamped upon our brows
Those lines he's always stamping.
We step to "Love's Grand March" to-day,—
The same as when we started
On our campaign so long ago—
It makes us stouter hearted.

Our battles we have fought and won
By marching close together;
There is no coward in our camp
To shower hatred by white feather."
There have been no courts-martial yet
For trials of desertions—
Of course the spies outside our camp
Have ventured some aspersions.

We have left comrades by the way,
Mates parted—both seeders;
And others stricken by the loss
Of faithful, brave file-leaders.
We have left comrades by the way,
With hearts so firmly plighted,
That all thro' life they kept their step,
And marched to death united.

"Attention company!" we hear,
It is our Captain's warning,
We know not what the summons brings
But form a night and morning;
But gird our sword and breast-plate on,
And helmet—all His armor,
And stir our little camp-fire up,
And feel our hearts grow warmer.

We know not what command will come
Until we hear it spoken;
We know that human hearts are frail,
And even vows are broken.
My mate and I are human, too,
But may our hopes of glory
Perish, and we, before our vows,
And never hear that story.

O, comrades! could ye know the bliss
Of marching on together,
With hopeful hearts and shielding arms,
Through every phase of weather,
Ye never could desert your mates,
The weaker, nor the stronger;
For man and wife—comrades in arms—
The campaign should be longer.

Forage Gathered on the March.

A soldier's mother writes: "My boy enlisted in 1864, Co. D, 9th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, 2d Brigade, 3d Div., 6th Corps. I have not read a word from any of his company and watch the CAMP FIRE every week. He was wounded at Cedar Creek, W. Va., the first battle that he was into. He was wounded in the head and taken to a hospital. Gangrene set in and he only lived to get home on a furlough, dying in December, 1864. Oh, how my

QUESTION BUREAU.

1. The true name and nationality of Junius must be given for his cause, and will be published.

2. No attempt will be made to put to mathematical problems, depending upon the reliability of individuals, for the answers.

3. Questions for this department must be addressed to the BLADE office, directed to the Question Bureau, and must not more than three persons. Persons desiring a speedy answer to a question by mail must inclose a stamp for that purpose. If no answer is published in a reasonable time, it will be understood that it is considered unsuitable for this department. It is always full, and we are sorry we cannot make room for more questions.

4. The Question Bureau is established to settle party disputes, and to furnish information of general interest, and no one has a right to regard a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. Questions will receive the courtesy attention they merit, and the above rules are strictly complied with.

Fitzalrn Island—Knights of Malta.

J. H. B., Mount Lock, W. Va.:

1. Will the BLADE please to publish the history of the occupation of Pitzalrn Island.

2. Where is the English chest two and a quarter feet long, two feet broad, and eight inches deep, now in existence? It is covered with sealskin, and has a brass plate on the cover. The chest is remarkably well made, and is in good preservation. It is said to contain certain papers, which were preserved from the wreck of the Bounty, and which are of great interest.

3. The following, from the number of lands and elevation of the railroad business, which is being added to every day:

States and Territories.	Length of line operated.	Total Investment.
Alabama	1,954	$78,013,319
Arizona	455	33,125,000
Arkansas	1,703	41,940,450
California	3,349	285,000,000
Colorado	2,000	50,643,537
Connecticut	904	50,220,209
Dakota	358	11,305,000
Delaware	235	12,759,764
Florida	1,035	36,078,360
Georgia	3,949	88,319,190
Illinois	13,951	638,579,493
Indiana	6,272	307,384,953
Iowa	8,518	318,956,767
Kansas	7,015	174,773,320
Kentucky	2,521	170,559,413
Louisiana	1,592	79,314,600
Maine	1,213	42,199,067
Maryland	1,179	69,792,617
Massachusetts	2,239	193,830,160
Michigan	4,527	201,502,606
Minnesota	5,506	220,267,297
Mississippi	1,548	80,593,101
Missouri	6,021	365,263,131
Montana	881	32,092,000
Nebraska	2,482	102,231,206
Nevada	502	18,091,863
New Hampshire	1,084	23,631,930
New Jersey	1,884	257,725,983
New Mexico	1,070	103,099,949
New York	7,399	886,084,951
North Carolina	1,737	41,413,342
Ohio	7,001	771,846,824
Oregon	1,040	70,998,617
Pennsylvania	7,001	843,496,128
Rhode Island	147	6,960,363
South Carolina	1,612	44,044,326
Tennessee	3,142	156,259,925
Texas	5,962	236,015,346
Utah	1,293	41,234,563
Vermont	1,055	40,007,869
Virginia	2,963	127,861,010
Washington	55	1,977,000
West Virginia	437	17,236,883
Wisconsin	6,210	216,835,412
Wyoming	632	27,957,000

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Fitzalrn Island—Knights of Malta.

J. H. B., Mount Lock, W. Va.:

1. Will the BLADE please to publish the history of the occupation of Pitzalrn Island.

2. Where is the English chest two and a quarter feet long, two feet broad, eight inches deep, now in existence? It is covered with sealskin, and has a brass plate on the cover. The chest is remarkably well made, and is in good preservation. It is said to contain certain papers, which were preserved from the wreck of the Bounty, and which are of great interest.

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The Blair Bill—Earl of Warwick.

J. H. W. S., Monroe, Ky.:

1. Will the BLADE please to publish the Blair bill? 2. Who was the Earl of Warwick, and what is Barnes history? Tell us what you can about him.

1. The bill is too long to publish entire, but we will give its main features. It is provided that any state which shall accept the act shall be annually appropriated by the following sums: First year, $7,000,000; second, $10,000,000; third, $15,000,000; fourth, $13,000,000; fifth, $11,000,000; sixth, $9,000,000; seventh, $7,000,000; eighth, $3,000,000; but no money is to be paid to a state until the legislature of said state has accepted the provisions of the act, and if any state or territory shall relinquish or has relinquished shall go to increase the amount for distribution among the other states and territories. The money is to be divided in that proportion which the whole number of persons, who, being of the age of ten years and over, cannot write, bears to the whole number of such persons in the United States, such computation to be made from the returns of the last census. Provision is made for white and colored schools, where separate schools are maintained. The instruction in the common schools where this money is to be expended shall include the art of reading, writing, and a knowledge of the English language, arithmetic, geography, history of the United States, and such other branches of useful knowledge as may be taught under local laws; and the qualifications of all school books authorized by the school boards of the states and territories shall be filed with the secretary of the interior. The design of the act not being to establish an independent system of education, but that the school shall be established by local governments, it is provided that no greater part of the money shall be paid out to any state or territory in any one year than the sum expended by such state or territory, or its revenues or part of money raised under its authority in the preceding year for the same purpose, not including the sums expended in the erection of school buildings. In violation of a solemn treaty. In 1187 the order was reorganized by Saladin in the battle of Hattin, and fought for the crusaders at the castle of Margat the present Syrian coast, which remained in the hands of the Mussulmans until 1285. The only branch of the order now in existence is that established in Spain, in 1220, by the emperor Charles V., Celita, which the knights, inside one of the strongest places in the world, became themselves the subject of Charles, and gave its name to the order. The Turks made a fruitless attack upon it in 1551, and repeated it in 1565, with an armament calculated to command success; but the grand master, after four months of incredible endurance, forced the fleet of the enemy to raise the siege. They held Malta till June, 1798, when it was taken by Bonaparte. Since this event the order has existed only in name.

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Fitzalrn Island—Knights of Malta.

J. H. B., Mount Lock, W. Va.:

1. Will the BLADE please to publish the history of the occupation of Pitzalrn Island.

2. Where is the English chest two and a quarter feet long, two feet broad, eight inches deep, now in existence? It is covered with sealskin, and has a brass plate on the cover. The chest is remarkably well made, and is in good preservation. It is said to contain certain papers, which were preserved from the wreck of the Bounty, and which are of great interest.

3. The following, from the number of lands and elevation of the railroad business, which is being added to every day:

States and Territories.	Length of line operated.	Total Investment.
Alabama	1,954	$78,013,319
Arizona	455	33,125,000
Arkansas	1,703	41,940,450
California	3,349	285,000,000
Colorado	2,000	50,643,537
Connecticut	904	50,220,209
Dakota	358	11,305,000
Delaware	235	12,759,764
Florida	1,035	36,078,360
Georgia	3,949	88,319,190
Illinois	13,951	638,579,493
Indiana	6,272	307,384,953
Iowa	8,518	318,956,767
Kansas	7,015	174,773,320
Kentucky	2,521	170,559,413
Louisiana	1,592	79,314,600
Maine	1,213	42,199,067
Maryland	1,179	69,792,617
Massachusetts	2,239	193,830,160
Michigan	4,527	201,502,606
Minnesota	5,506	220,267,297
Mississippi	1,548	80,593,101
Missouri	6,021	365,263,131
Montana	881	32,092,000
Nebraska	2,482	102,231,206
Nevada	502	18,091,863
New Hampshire	1,084	23,631,930
New Jersey	1,884	257,725,983
New Mexico	1,070	103,099,949
New York	7,399	886,084,951
North Carolina	1,737	41,413,342
Ohio	7,001	771,846,824
Oregon	1,040	70,998,617
Pennsylvania	7,001	843,496,128
Rhode Island	147	6,960,363
South Carolina	1,612	44,044,326
Tennessee	3,142	156,259,925
Texas	5,962	236,015,346
Utah	1,293	41,234,563
Vermont	1,055	40,007,869
Virginia	2,963	127,861,010
Washington	55	1,977,000
West Virginia	437	17,236,883
Wisconsin	6,210	216,835,412
Wyoming	632	27,957,000

2. A fort, built upon an artificial island near the entrance of the harbor of Charleston, which it was designed to protect. It was intended to mount 140 guns, in three tiers, but at the close of 1860 the fort was still incomplete, few of the guns being mounted.

The Wheel Question.

The Bureau is compelled to announce that the discussion of the wheel question closes with this issue. It is impossible to find room for all the communications now on hand, and this is the only course left.

A. P. Lawrence, Wis., writes: I notice in the BLADE, that in answer to the question, "Does the top of the wheel run faster than the bottom?" S. W., of Iowa, says: "If the top of the wheel runs the fastest, the bottom would get left." Now, friend S. W., that is exactly what happens. Let us demonstrate: Here is a horse before a road cart; now mark the bottom of the wheel where it rests on the track; and the top; now a perpendicular through the center of the wheel to the top; call that B; now A and B are the same distance behind the horse. Now, move the horse forward until the top, A, is in the same horizontal position. Now you see A is left, or is farther behind the horse than when it started by the radius of the wheel, while B has gained the same. Which moves the faster?

M. Allen, of Michigan, commenting upon S. W.'s answer to the above question, among other things, says a wheel running on a track has a double motion, one around the other circular, with the bottom the center of the circle and the top exactly one-half its diameter, and asks if this is plain? We answer, no, it is not. Long ways from it. Neither is a circle or a segment of a circle, the center of motion must be stationary. In this it is ever changing; therefore, the line described in the above case would be elliptical. But, when the top moves the slower motion, while the longer curves represent the more rapid motions. A given part of the bottom of a wheel in making one revolution describes a cycloid, and the long diameter is the exact circumference of the wheel; the same short diameter is the exact diameter of the wheel.

R. J., Peotone, Ill., writes: I noticed in the BLADE a discussion about the "wheel question," very scientific, yet it proves nothing. I will suggest a very simple plan whereby every man can try for himself, see the result, and be convinced. Let any man take a sulky or any other vehicle with a wheel of say 4½ feet in diameter; take a plumb line, make a perpendicular line on the wall of a barn; now set the sulky alongside the wall, with the center of the wheel four inches back of the plumb line, mark the wheel inches back of the plumb line; now move the sulky eight inches straight ahead, and look for results. You will find that the mark on the upper part has moved sixteen inches forward, and is now eight inches ahead of the plumb line. Now look for the mark at the bottom and see how much it has moved. You will find it little for the present, but in time the sum expended in repairs, or the amount of money raised under its authority in the preceding year for the same purpose, not including the sums expended in the erection of school buildings. In the discussion of the legislature, it was proposed that one-tenth of the fund may be applied to the education of teachers who are without the necessary means to qualify themselves for teaching, and who shall agree in writing to devote themselves exclusively to the profession for one year after leaving such training schools, to teach in the common schools, for such compensation as may be paid for other teachers. No part of the money shall be used for the erection of school buildings, except in sparsely settled districts, where provision is made in a separate appropriation. The schools thus assisted must be non-sectarian in character. The term school district shall include all cities, towns, parishes, and other territorial subdivisions for school purposes, and all corporations clothed by law with the power of maintaining common schools. On or before the first day of September of each year the secretary of the interior must report to

St. Andrews, Fla.

Inquiry was made recently about St. Andrews Bay, Fla. G. B. P., of Daytonia, Fla., sends the following.

St. Andrews Bay is a big fraud. I send you a clipping from the Kissimmee *Leader*, taken from the *Pensacolian*, very good authority. I came here from Ottawa, Putnam county, O., 13 years ago. It is a good country for a poor man. Where there is no extraction here. There are about as many northern folks here as there are southern, and they all fraternize on the best of terms. Let me say to one wanting to come to Florida, pay no attention to any advertisements of land sharks, but come and see. You will soon find out who is reliable. Be cautious about buying land. It is the easiest country to get fooled in land you ever saw. You may get a good one-quarter section of land, and the other three-quarters of the same section will be worthless. There are good locations almost anywhere in the state, and any industrious man can make money here. I came here with

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE last week evinced no material change in business conditions. September was the best month for trade that the country has experienced in six years. It was more distinguished by activity in manufactured products and in the jobbing distribution of such products than elsewhere, but the produce trade had a heavy movement only in wheat, and this has also been falling off latterly. It has been a month of large commercial dealings, large transportation volumes, and of quickening and prospering mechanical industry.

THE failures in the United States and Canada for the last nine months show a reduction of 1,000 in number and nearly $20,000,000 in liabilities over the corresponding period of 1885.

THE total bonded debt of the country on October 1, including accrued interest, was $1,103,694,123. The "cash available for the reduction of the debt," according to the present hocus-pocus style of financial statement, is $206,924,043. The non-interest-bearing indebtedness has increased over $15,000,000 in the past month, this being because the amount of gold certificates outstanding increased in that time over $8,000,000, and the amount of silver certificates over $7,000,000. The bond calls during September reduced the national bank circulation $8,675,250.

THE color-line was the first thing to present itself to the Knights of Labor assembling in national convention at Richmond, Va. One of the delegates from District Assembly No. 49, which is located in New York city, is a colored man, and hence was refused accommodations at the hotel where the other delegates had arranged to stop. When this slight was brought to their notice, the whole delegation, 60 in number, agreed that they would secure boarding places in colored families in Richmond and thus give a practical demonstration of the feeling of brotherhood which they profess. The example will have a good effect, and the delegates deserve the warmest commendation for this decided action.

WIGGINS'S prediction was utterly and thoroughly falsified. There was nothing occurring on the 29th that could be tortured into the fulfillment, in the most distant way, of his prediction. There was to be a great storm in the North and Northwest on the 28th and 29th; a severe earthquake shock was to be felt along the 30th parallel of north latitude; and these things were to be because, on the 29th, several planets and the moon were in conjunction with the earth. The conjunction occurred, as similar conjunctions have occurred every year, but there was no storm and no earthquake. The blunder of those who put faith in WIGGINS and pseudo-prophets of his class is, that they forget that the pull of lunar and planetary attraction acts upon the earth as a whole, and not on the part directly under them. The result is, an infinitesimal variation of the earth in its orbit—variations that are constantly occurring from one similar cause or another, and which have taken place ever since the time that the morning stars sang together.

THE position of collector of customs at Port Townsend, Washington territory, to which HENRY WARD BEECHER'S son was appointed by PRES. CLEVELAND, and for which he was rejected by the Senate, still remains vacant. Treasury officials says this is one of the most important custom-houses in the United States; that there is more smuggling of opium, etc., carried on there than anywhere else, and that the customs service is suffering by the delay in filling the vacancy.

THE Third Ohio volunteer infantry will hold its eleventh annual reunion at the battlefield of Perryville, Ky., October 8. GEN. W. H. GIBSON and GEN. JOHN BEATTY will be the orators of the day, and it is also expected that GEN. SHERMAN will be present.

THE English plan of building passenger cars into small compartments, in which the passengers are locked, has again given opportunity for a most shocking murder. A wealthy business man was found dead in a first-class carriage of the Metropolitan Underground railway of London. The assassin escaped, of course, and left no trace. There have been scores of such cases on British railways, but the national conservatism sticks to the old system of locking passengers in, and affording opportunities for crime. The English apparently think that an old fashion must be continued, even if it cause destruction of life.

MR. JENKS, acting Attorney General, has decided that the appropriation of $2,000,000 for the Mississippi river improvement does not include the salary and expenses of the Mississippi river commission, and consequently that the appropriation must remain inactive until the required provision is made by Congress, unless the members of the commission are willing to serve without receiving any salaries, and at the same time pay their own bills.

IT is expected that the new steel cruiser, the Boston, will be finished and ready for service within two or three weeks.

THE Democrats of Connecticut have nominated a man named E. S. CLEVELAND for governor. They evidently think there is luck in names; but they should remember lightning never strikes the same twice.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat's* correspondent made an effort to interview one hundred of the leading delegates to the Democratic state convention of New Jersey, held at Trenton on September 28, as to their preferences for Presidential nominee in 1888. Over half declined to talk, and among the remainder there was a strong current of opposition to CLEVELAND. His civil service course has disaffected them, and the larger number declared for Gov. HILL, of New York.

IN response to the suggestion of the *Wine and Spirit Review*, of Louisville, Ky., a call has been issued for a national convention of distillers, brewers and wholesale and retail wine, spirit and beer dealers, to be held in Chicago on Monday, October 18. The call says the convention is necessary to take some action to repel the accusations and check the growth of a public sentiment hostile to the rights and business of the whisky trade. It says this sentiment is no longer to be ignored, and the convention is therefore called.

THERE is trouble over the case of GERONIMO. It appears that Gen. MILES did just what Gen. CROOK was instructed not to do and what it is also supposed that Gen. MILES was instructed not to do. He accepted the surrender of GERONIMO upon conditions, the chief which is that his life shall be spared and that he shall not be turned over to the authorities of Arizona to be tried for murder. Gen. CROOK appears to have been removed from the command of that department because he did not seem to be able to capture this chief except upon such conditions.

THE efforts to plant settlements in Oklahoma have been abandoned, and the boomers have assured the government agents that they will await Congressional action before taking any further steps toward occupancy.

IT looks as though there will be at least five mayoralty candidates in the field in New York city—County Democratic, Tammany Democratic, Republican, Labor and Prohibition.

THE government receipts during September were about $32,000,000, and the expenditures about $18,000,000, making an excess of about $14,000,000.

CONSUL DUGAIS, of Havre, in a report to the secretary of State, describes an abortive attempt on the part of commercial and labor organizations to secure a repeal of the decree against American pork, and concludes that nothing will be done on the part of the present government to do away with the discrimination against the commerce of a friendly nation, and that all hopes of a favorable change have been abandoned by those opposed to the prohibition. The millions of ill-paid and scantily-fed laboring men of France will continue to pay tribute to the French hog-raising farmer.

THE employes of ARMOUR'S great pork packing houses in Chicago, who struck for eight hours' work last spring, are now striking to get back to the ten-hour system.

THE failure of the Republicans to nominate a candidate for Congress in ex-Speaker SAMUEL J. RANDALL'S district, in Pennsylvania, is interpreted by men in both parties to mean that that distinguished statesman is likely to be defeated. The Republicans withheld action for the purpose of ascertaining whether the fight which the Democrats have threatened to wage against Mr. RANDALL materializes. If it does, and there is a division of the vote in that party, which seems very probable, on account of Mr. RANDALL'S tariff views, then there will be a candidate nominated by the Republicans, which the latter say they will elect. Mr. RANDALL'S district is Democratic, but if he loses many votes in his party a Republican can be elected. The Republican congressional campaign committee at Washington is looking up the situation.

ROBERT E. PORTER, who is now in Ireland for industrial information, writes that the beautiful embroidery on muslin and linen sold in this country as French embroidery is made by the poor peasants of Ireland, who earn from 62½ to 75 cents per week making it. Mr. PORTER asks why the Irish should not have the credit of this work.

SOME of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Tory enemies in England having charged that he is about to enter the Romish church, the "grand old man" publishes a letter in which he emphatically says:

> The statement that I intended to become a Roman Catholic is a revival of a miserable falsehood, reproduced from time to time without a shadow of evidence for basis, and is unworthy of notice until it assumes a character very different from a merely calumnious invention.

WITHIN the last week there has been little change in affairs in Great Britain, although there are reasons for believing that matters in Ireland may be more peaceful than has been feared to be possible. One of Mr. PARNELL'S colleagues, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, is quite pacific in his utterances, affirming, that reason on the part of landlords will call forth a reasonable state of mind in the tenants, and he advises the latter when a reduction of 25 or 30 per cent. upon the rents is offered, to accept it and pay up when it is possible to do so. As this gentleman is a close friend of Mr. PARNELL'S, it looks as if there would be an effort to avoid a no-rent campaign and its consequences. It is thought that unless landlords are encouraged by the government to proceed with evictions, that possibly the winter may pass without crime in Ireland, a thing which is to be devoutly hoped for.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL made a speech last Friday, at a meeting of 10,000 Conservatives held for the purpose of endorsing his leadership of the House of Commons, which is declared to have been moderate and straightforward, adding to the popularity that he has already won. He spoke emphatically of the necessity of some step which should put an end to the obstruction power which the Radicals and and Parnellites were disposed to exercise. He said that British legislation was decidedly in the arrears, the time having been for the last ten years monopolized by Ireland to the almost entire exclusion of England and Scotland, and it must be permitted no longer. His words with regard to Irish matters were significant. He said that there were signs of a revival in trade there which would tend to diminish Irish troubles by removing agricultural hardships, but that in any case, order would be maintained there.

THE Balkan difficulty has not yet reached a settlement that does away with the prospect of a war as a final result. The extraordinary demands made by Gen. KAULBARS, the Russian representative, upon Bulgaria, the threats with which they were accompanied, and the posting of circulars through Bulgaria reiterating these demands, as if the Bulgarians were serfs, shows the attitude of Russia to be distinctly menacing. It is true that in the event of the Czar finding it convenient to disclaim the action of his agent, he may say that he exceeded his instructions, and then permit the successor of ALEXANDER to be chosen in accordance with the provisions of the treaty of Berlin. At present, however, there is nothing to show that Russia means to abate one particle of her pretentions, and having the sympathy of Germany, may be disposed to carry out the programme which she has announced.

ENGLAND made her position plain through the declarations of the Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs upon the last night of the recent session of Parliament, to the effect that successor to Prince ALEXANDER would be allowed to be chosen except under the provisions of the Berlin treaty. On last Thursday, Austria's decision upon the matter was made known through the Hungarian Prime Minister's speech in the Hungarian Parliament, in which he distinctly warned Russia that she would not be permitted to occupy Bulgaria, and that Austria-Hungary will prevent the establishment of a Russian protectorate, or the permanent influence of any single power. Russia is not actually named, but she is so plainly meant that she cannot fail to understand the Austrian position thoroughly.

SHOULD Russia persevere in the full measure of her demands, the result can hardly be anything else but war. Meanwhile Bulgaria has returned an answer to Russia to the effect that she desires to retain her friendship, and that in all things possible the Czar's demands will be acceded to, but no constitutional right can be found for the re-election of a successor to ALEXANDER other than the electiod to which Russia objects. This would seem to imply that Bulgaria intends to resist a Russian regency, or anything looking in that direction. Further developments will be awaited with interest. Meanwhile Turkey is showing a good deal of military activity in the way of preparing her army for action, to be ready to join England and Austria in case of war.

MORAL SUASION AND PROHIBITION AS ALLIES.

The temperance struggle in this country embraces two distinct plans, neither of which can be accomplished with even tolerable success without the accomplishment of the other. They are working in the same direction on parallel lines; but, by that strange fatuity which seems to possess so many workers in this field, they are frequently considered as hostile to each other. They are allies, and should be so considered.

The first of these aims is the development of a sentiment of total abstinence on the part of the individual. FRANCIS MURPHY is a noble worker in this field, side by side with the Sons of Temperance, the Good Templars, and other organizations which seek to save men from the grasp of the drink demon, and to prevent the young from falling into intemperate ways, by pledging them to total abstinence, and by building up a moral sentiment which shall act as a bulwark against the encroachments of Rum.

The second aim is to crush the saloon, and with it the maker and seller of Rum, by the prohibition of its manufacture and sale.

Stated briefly, the object of the first is to induce men to keep from poisoning themselves; of the second, to deprive the Rum Power of the opportunity of making and vending the poison.

The Rum Power and its upholders are all anxious that the first method shall receive all attention from the rapidly growing temperance sentiment. They applaud, in general terms, the work of FRANCIS MURPHY and his compeers, and look with complacency upon the organization of blue ribbon clubs. On the other hand, they brand the friends of Prohibition as fanatics and cranks, and exclaim against them as invaders of "personal liberty." This phrase, "personal liberty," as used by them, when translated into plain English, means the liberty of a man to poison himself with Rum, to render himself unfit to hold any position of responsibility, to ruin his health, beggar himself, and reduce his wife and family to penury and want. They uphold the "moral suasion" plan of temperance work, that they may create division among the forces of those opposed to Rum; and they understand our fallen human nature well enough to know that the day is yet far distant when all men will be so far swayed by the dictates of reason and of self-control, and be so far superior to their own base appetites and passions, that they will voluntarily forego the use of one or more of the varieties of spirituous, vinous or malt liquors, which, for the sake of brevity, are grouped by writers under the one term, "Rum."

Each of these two plans of temperance work has a wide field, entirely distinct from that of the other. They are not rivals, not enemies, although the Rum Power and its allies would be glad to have them be so considered. If every man would become a total abstainer, the first plan would be effective in crushing the Rum Power; for if no man desired Rum, its manufacture and sale would be unprofitable and therefore stop. But this will not occur this side of the millennium. It must not, however, be then assumed that this plan of work is ineffective, and hence to be abandoned. Every man who is saved from drink becomes the friend of temperance, and a help in saving others; and the constant growth of a vast class of citizens who are inimical to Rum, is proof of the utility of this line of work. It was the earliest temperance force in the field against the Rum Power; and with their eyes open to the evils of the traffic, and the power of the temptation constantly placed before mankind, it was the more advanced thinkers of this class who inaugurated the battle for Prohibition. There had to be temperance men before there were Prohibitionists.

But the fact that the Rum Power, through that agency of hell, the saloon, has spread everywhere the net of temptation for the ignorant and unwary, has given untold force to the argument for Prohibition. There is money in the Rum traffic; hence its manufacture extended itself until there were too many distilleries, too many breweries, to supply the demand. The next thing was to increase that demand, by breeding in a greater number of men that infernal thirst, the result of a burned-out stomach, an alcoholized brain, and a system loaded with the Rum poison.

There is nothing on earth so terrible as this thirst. It is the nearest approximation that living man ever experienced to the unquenchable fires of hell. The drunkard, deprived for a time of the stimulus of Rum, feels a fierce desire that is as terrible as the pangs of a lost soul in perdition. He craves Rum. All other thoughts are swallowed up in a mad desire to again saturate himself with the vile stuff that is destroying his physical system and driving his soul to damnation. He will have it, though it takes the last penny from his pocket; he will pawn his own clothing, his wife's dress, his baby's shoes, in order to obtain the means to buy Rum. He will drink it, too, though he knows full well that such indulgence only rivets still stronger the chains which bind him; he will drink it, even though he knows that he shuts forever the gates of Hope behind him, and by that act dooms himself to the certainty of eternal woe.

The saloon is but an institution to drag men under the dominion of this awful thirst, a means whereby this fierce and unnatural appetite shall be created within them. This once established, all the money they can earn, borrow, beg and steal will flow into the coffers of the Rum Power, as surely as the waters of the river will reach the sea. Temptation to drink is placed everywhere in the pathway of men, in order that those who, dead to all noble instincts, grasp with eager hands at the blood-stained gold of the drunkard, may be secure in a continuance of their accursed gains.

Here is the field for Prohibition—to render it impossible that the next generation may become the victims of the drink habit. Moral suasion may save all it can. Prohibition will save the others in spite of themselves. They occupy distinct fields, and each has its allotted task to do in the mighty work. Moral suasion can not reach all; Prohibition can. The first reaches out to save those in danger of failing into temptation; the second steps in to stop the devil's work of those who place temptation in the way of humanity. Moral suasion deals with the drinker; Prohibition stops the dealer. Moral suasion is only effective with those whose moral natures are not seared or blunted; Prohibition is the only way to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE steady and rapid payment of the public debt incurred in our civil war, combined with the reduction of the interest rate and the increase of population of the country, has enormously reduced the debt burden borne by our people per capita. In 1865 the debt amounted to $78.25 per capita. Last year it only amounted to $24.14. In 1865 the per capita portion of the annual interest charge was $4.29. Last year it was but 88 cents. The ratio of the principal is now but two-thirds what it then was; that of the annual interest is but little more than one-fifth. Let us go on and pay it all off, and not load down posterity with our burdens. They will have enough of their own to bear.

WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT'S new steam yacht, which cost over half a million dollars, will be launched October 9.

"OPENING THE BOOKS."

The Democratic "Campaign Handbook," just issued, shows the utter lack of real material to attack the Republican management of the government from 1861 to 1885. It has been for years a parrot-like cry that the Republicans were stealing, and that the people ought to put the Democrats in power in order that the books might be examined, and these alleged thefts be made public. In this the bent of the Democratic office-seeker's mind was shown. He knew that he could not help stealing himself if he had a good chance, and he supposed that everybody else was the same.

It is a fact, well-known to all penologists, that habitual criminals suppose all men to be as base as they. Thoroughly bad themselves, they cannot believe that a man can be really moral, or honest, or upright. They believe that all men are scoundrels at heart, and are besides hypocrites, in pretending to an honesty which is not real. The peculiarity of the criminal is strikingly shown in this cry of the Democratic leaders.

Well, the books have been opened by Democratic officials, and there is a chapter in the above-mentioned "Campaign Handbook," entitled "Opening the Books," which tells the result. Before showing it up, we will quote the charges:

> The Democratic party, through its press and by its speakers, declared for the past ten years publicly that if it could turn the rascals out and get at the books they could demonstrate that the Republican party, in its long lease of power had, through its various officers, by defalcation in collections and disbursements, stolen millions of the people's money. Mr. Tilden in 1876 claimed the amount to be over $5,000,000. The amount will reach $20,000,000 or more. Under a resolution of the Democratic House passed January 25—and which was called up on July 27 by Mr. Benton McMillan, of Tennessee, just previous to the adjournment of the first session of the Forty-ninth Congress—the acting secretary of the treasury transmitted a letter to the House of Representatives executive document No. 363, Forty-ninth Congress, first session, in which it is shown officially that the balances now due the government on account of defalcations in disbursements and collections since 1861 is $12,894,476.48.

Now, there is a pretense in this article that these defalcations, etc., were never before made public. This is false. There is not one of the cases mentioned which was not made known by the Republican administration, and the offender prosecuted if he could be reached. There are always men, of whatever political faith, who will be false to their trusts, whether in a private business concern or in the government employ. The Republican party never strove to shield recalcitrant officials who were unfaithful to their trusts. We repeat, there is not a case mentioned in the "Handbook" which was not public property long ago. What is wrong with this Democratic campaign document is, that it endeavors to make people believe these are new defalcations, never before unearthed; and also concealing the fact that the percentage of loss under Republican rule has been far less than under Democratic rule.

We give below the official figures of the total receipts and disbursements of the various executive departments—including receipts from customs and all other sources, and disbursements in behalf of the postoffice, war, navy, pensions, Indians, and for all other purposes—from WASHINGTON down to ARTHUR, with the amount lost by embezzlement, defalcation, or otherwise, and the amount of loss per $1,000. Look at the figures:

Administration.	Yrs. of service	Total receipts and disbursements.	Total Loss.	Loss on $1,000
Washington	6	$112,560,536	$250,970	$2.22
Adams	4	60,735,651	253,411	4.16
Jefferson	8	219,072,788	606,407	2.75
Madison	8	82,764,049	2,191,960	4.18
Monroe	8	870,338,274	5,229,767	6.53
Adams, J. Q.	4	201,488,077	956,274	4.89
Jackson, D.	8	500,061,747	2,761,111	5.52
Van Buren	4	285,327,849	1,344,797	13.71
Harrison	4	244,590,156	1,565,903	6.40
Tyler	4			
Polk	4	429,913,687	1,753,851	4.08
Taylor	4	432,861,670	1,814,409	4.19
Fillmore	4			
Pierce, D.	4	636,257,815	2,167,982	3.56
Buchanan, D.	4	697,500,870	2,659,107	3.81
Lincoln, R.	4	2,886,697,114	770,894	.70
Johnson, R.	4	6,014,966,964	1,619,599	.27
Grant, R.	8	10,542,842,583	1,622,478	.08
Hayes, R.	4	5,073,772,295	14,710	.003
Arthur, R.	2	2,947,585,799	6,366	.0003

From the beginning of the government to 1861 the total of receipts and disbursements was $4,719,481,157. The total loss was $24,441,829, which equals a loss of $5.21 for each $1,000. From 1861 to the end of the fiscal year 1883, the total of receipts and disbursements was $36,767,831,731, or over *eight* times as much money handled by Republican administrations as had been handled from the time of WASHINGTON down to LINCOLN. The total losses under Republican rule were $14,467,137, or an average of but 39 cents loss for every $1,000.

No Democratic administration has ever been in control of the nation that showed so small a percentage of loss. Under JACKSON, the father of modern Democracy, and the originator of the spoils system, the loss was $7.52 for every thousand dollars handled. Under VAN BUREN, his successor, the stealing was $11.71 per thousand. Under PIERCE it was $3.56 per $1,000, and under BUCHANAN, the last Democratic President before the war, it was $3.81. This clearly shows that Democrats will steal, if proof be needed.

Then came LINCOLN, and all the demoralizing influences of a tremendous war. Yet, with the amount of money handled increased to *sixteen* times the amount under BUCHANAN, the loss per thousand was only 76 cents! And this ratio runs down in a constantly descending scale.

While it is a fact that there are men unworthy of trust in both parties, the official record shows that the Republican officeholders were far more faithful than the Democratic incumbents. The desperate attempt of the Democratic campaigners to make material out of "opening the books" falls ignominiously, and they are obliged to resort to misrepresentation to avoid the honest, frank avowal that the books of the government show no defalcations that were covered up by the Republicans. The losses have been made public long ago. Let us hope the present administration will show as good a record as the Republicans.

BENEDICT, the new Public Printer, is trying anew the well-worn trick that the various Democratic heads of departments and bureaus inaugurated when the present hypocritical gang of "reformers" came into office. Before he had gotten his official seat warm, he discharged a number of employes, and is now engaged in the pleasing task of having himself interviewed by Democratic newspaper correspondents in order that this pretense of economy shall be heralded from one end of the land to the other. This is a most gaudy trick. Work [illegible] printing office, it being tripled and quadrupled during the Congressional session. After that body adjourns, the printing of the *Congressional Record* and of the vast amount of calendars, bills, etc., required daily, is of course dispensed with, and the force is set to work in getting up the reports and miscellaneous work, printing speeches for members, etc. This work is about completed, and every summer there is a large reduction in the force. It is probable that many discharges would have taken place before this, but Mr. ROUNDS having determined to leave, as a matter of courtesy left this to be done by his successor. That is all there is in this "economy" cry, which Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, and all the rest of the Bourbon newspaper pack, are howling over. When Congress meets the places now vacated will be filled with hungry and thirsty Democrats, and the force will be as large as ever.

OLIVER AMES has been nominated by the Republicans for governor of Massachusetts. He is the present lieutenant governor of the state, and is the son of the noted OAKES AMES.

KILLING OFF ITS LEADERS.

The deep discontent of the Democratic party with its leaders in the House of Representatives is clearly seen in the large number of them who were refused a renomination. Over 25 gentlemen who are now chairmen of House committees have thus had their careers cut short from March 4 next by their impatient constituents, and among them the most prominent Democrats of the House.

Look at the list! RANDOLPH TUCKER, of Virginia, chairman of the judiciary committee, will remain at home after this Congress; so will MILLER, of Texas, chairman of committee on banking and currency; BRAGG, of Wisconsin, military; COBB, of Indiana, public lands; WELBORN, of Texas, Indian affairs; THROCKMORTON, of Texas, Pacific railroads; KING, of Louisiana, levees and Mississippi river improvements; AIKEN, of South Carolina, education; MITCHELL, of Connecticut, patents; ELDRIDGE, of Michigan, pensions; GEDDES, Ohio, war claims; BARBOUR, Virginia, chairman of committee on the District of Columbia; BENNETT, North Carolina, expenditures in the state department; REECE, Georgia, expenditures in the postoffice department; BUCK, New York, expenditures in public buildings; GIBSON, West Virginia, expenditures in the department of justice; SINGLETON, Mississippi, library; BARKSDALE, Mississippi, printing; GREEN, North Carolina, ventilation; COX, North Carolina, civil service; CURTIN, Pennsylvania, the old war governor, select labor; WILLIS, Kentucky, rivers and harbors, who is running independent; and BOYLE, of Pennsylvania, Pan-Electric.

Besides these, the renomination of several other Democratic holders of chairmanships is very problematical. There is more in this wholesale decapitation all along the line than mere accident. It is but an index of the deep dissatisfaction at the abominable do-nothing policy of the Democratic majority in the House. And it means more than this. Every man was a supporter of CLEVELAND'S administration, and a majority of them are on record as publicly defending the invertebrate policy of the executive. The dissatisfied Democrats cannot express their disgust at CLEVELAND'S mugwump ideas in any other way this year than by retiring the men who have upheld him, and they are doing that thoroughly.

There is a vast deal of rot written concerning CLEVELAND'S popularity in the Democratic papers. They seem to be calling attention to this point, evidently fearing that the people will not observe it unless it is pointed out to them. A thing so microscopic as CLEVELAND'S popularity certainly needs a guide to enable anybody to find it. We quote from an exchange an incident which shows how popular Mr. CLEVELAND is in reality, and which is equally as striking an example of the feeling of the people as the kicking out, as shown above, of leading Democrats who have supported GROVER'S policy:

> A test of this matter was recently furnished at a Soldiers' reunion, where a speaker, responding to the toast, "The Women of the War," alluded to a pension that a veteran organization of Chicago had recently voted a woman who was one of the hospital angels during the war. "And there was nobody there to veto it was there?" responded a comrade. The large crowd that filled the building broke out into vociferous and long-continued applause as the palpable hit. Let the same test be made as to honest elections, removal of Union soldiers from office, tariff reduction, or troubles with Mexico, and Mr. Cleveland will receive the same kind of a back-handed endorsement of his popularity, every time.

LABOR LEADERS PROTECTIONISTS.

The two great leaders of organized labor in the United States, Grand Master POWDERLY, of the Knights of Labor, and JOHN JARRETT, President of the great amalgamated labor organizations, have both declared themselves in favor of protection to American industries and American workingmen. Said Mr. POWDERLY, in a recent speech:

> Gentlemen, I am a protectionist from the sole of my foot to the top of my head. [Renewed applause.] I not only believe in 10 per cent., but I believe in a 20 per cent. tariff and as much more as the exigencies of home interests require. [Cheers.] I believe in a tariff on everything, raw material included. [Great cheering.] The only raw material is that covered first in mother earth, and from the time it is touched with a pick until it is made into that [holding up his pocket-knife] it needs protection because it is all labor.

Mr. JARRETT, before a Congressional committee on March 12 last, said that he desired to emphasize the fact that high duties on imported goods are indispensable to maintain liberal wages in this country. Any man claiming to be the friend of labor who pretends otherwise occupies a false position, and is not what he claims to be. It is well known that wages in the United States are from 88 to 100 per cent higher than in England—varying in different industries according to the skill required. The average is shown to be 70 per cent. higher than in England. This is true to-day, even with the great depression of industries and reduction of wages here, as well as abroad.

It needs no argument, said Mr. JARRETT, to make it clear that if we had no tariff duties on the manufactured products of England's cheaper labor when imported into this country, then we could not make such articles here in competition with those made in England and imported into this country, unless the wages of our labor should be brought down to the English standard. This is so plain that any man can see it.

ALAS FOR THE TURNCOATS!

The Democrats who have, for a quarter of a century past, borne the burden of the Bourbon campaigns, are intolerant to the last degree over the spoilsmen who, at the eleventh hour deserted from the Republican camp and went over to Democracy. The Baltimore *American* quotes DAN LAMONT, the private secretary and confidential factotum of CLEVELAND, as remarking concerning these persons:

> "That is just the class I want to get after. I want to put them on the list. You will do me a personal favor if you will get the names of all such men you discover."

Continuing his remarks, LAMONT exclaimed:

> "A turncoat is the most obnoxious element in politics. I despise a traitor, an ingrate, whether he is in my party or another."

So much for the gentlemen who have flopped over to Democracy in the hope of obtaining appointments from this administration, or of continuing in positions to which they were appointed, by a Republican executive, as Republicans.

The same feeling exists among the heads of the departments at Washington. There is a considerable sprinkling of men among the army of clerks at Washington, who have always been loud in their professions [illegible] party who are now talking Democracy, and out-Heroding HEROD in their devotion to CLEVELAND and "reform." The following is one of the many expressions of opinion concerning these gentry which we clip from the Baltimore *American*:

> "If I had my way about it," said Col. John S. Williams, third auditor of the treasury, in recently discussing turncoats, "I would fire them all out of office. A man who will betray one party for an office will betray another, and can not serve faithfully anybody or anything. I am a democrat to a man changing his views, but I do object to an officeholder reversing his position in politics so quick that his design is palpable."

It begins to look as though the army of men who in 1884 fought Mr. Cleveland at the polls but who, being in the departments here, and desiring to retain their places, are showering praises upon him, would have to go during the few months which will immediately follow the approaching elections.

THERE is no doubt but that the sentiment in favor of Prohibition is growing stronger every day in Iowa. The Boone county *Republican* makes this point:

> One significant fact tells on the side of Prohibition. In the recent meeting of the sheriffs of Iowa, 70 officers were present, and the universal testimony is, that the present law is decreasing court business 50 per cent. or more. Let the good work go on till court expense and taxes are reduced to a minimum.

TARIFF TALKS.

II.

The protective principle is this: Disguise it as the free traders may, it is an absolute necessity to raise a great part of our national revenue by the imposition of duties. The friends of protection declare that this can best be done by imposing this burden upon those articles which we produce, and the goods which we manufacture. The nation is taken as the unit, and the protective theory is based upon the truth that what contributes to the prosperity of workpeople, by giving indirectly work to tens of thousands of artisans, by enabling the rate of wages paid to all classes of wage-workers to be higher than it otherwise would be, is for the best interests of the whole nation. The "tariff for revenue only" idea is, "every fellow for himself, and the d——l take the hindmost." No fact is plainer than that a nation is not truly independent in the highest and best sense, until it contains within itself all the elements needed to maintain and advance its state of civilization and enlightenment.

To give the extreme free traders full rein would be to relegate the United States to the position of a furnisher of raw material for the manufacturers of England and other countries. It would turn the index back thirty years on the dial of progress. It would relegate us to the status of growers of grain, live-stock, cotton, wool and tobacco, and sweep out of existence the mighty industries of our land. We will now proceed to consider these matters in detail, first examining the respective effects of a revenue tariff and a protective tariff upon our workingmen and industrial enterprises.

PROTECTION FOR THE WORKMAN.

The protective policy is of more value to the workman than to the capitalist. Labor, rather than capital, is its beneficiary. Our duties upon imports, in general, mark the difference between the wages of American artisans and their brethren elsewhere. Were labor as cheap in the United States as in Europe, we could produce as cheaply here as there—nay, more; for the American workingman is, as a rule, a man of much more education and hence of higher intelligence than the English workingman, and hence his services are more valuable; for it is a fact that an intelligent workman does more work in a given period than an ignorant one.

Free trade means low wages in the United States. And by "free trade" we mean the policy of a "tariff for revenue only," which is demanded by the Democratic platform; for that is placed in hostility to a tariff for the protection of American industries, which is the Republican policy. Hon. E. B. WARD, in an address at the Wisconsin state fair, quoted from a free trade article in a New York paper, in which the writer frankly declares for free trade, and then goes on to admit:

> The first effect would be to stop manufacturing here and fill the country with foreign goods, many of which Europe would never see her way clear to buy. A commercial revolution would follow, laborers would be out of employment, and *the price of labor would come down, down*, until it reached the European standard, and then success is assured.

The Cincinnati *Trade List* quotes a well-known Kentucky free trader as saying to the editor that low wages are just what he and his associates want. He observed:

> The laborer in this country is getting to be too smart and independent. Unless he is brought down a peg pretty soon, he will rule all. *He gets too much by half.* You exclaim against free trade because it will reduce the price of labor. I favor it for exactly the same reason. I want to see those ignorant fellows, who know nothing except to work with their dirty hands, brought down to their proper level. We will never prosper in this country until it is done.

The tariff question, then, to the workingman is one of wages entirely. And it affects every man who works for wages or for a salary. It affects not only the man who is employed in a "protected" industry, but *every other* workingman as well.

Suppose that the "tariff for revenue only" lunacy should prevail, and Congress cut down our tariff until it was divested of all power to protect. What would be the result?

First, either our manufacturing establishments would have to stop entirely, as our free trade authority quoted above says; or, if they kept at work, it is plain that wages would have to be cut down to the English rates. Probably both these things would occur; a large number of establishments would shut up entirely, while those that kept at work would cut wages deeply. There would be thousands of men thrown out of work, while other thousands would continue at work at much lower wages. In 1880 there were 2,738,930 hands employed in manufacturing establishments in the United States. Suppose half of these were thrown out of work entirely, and the other million and a quarter had their wages cut down. What would be the result upon workingmen of every class?

Obviously the same thing would happen that takes place when we have a larger wheat crop than the year's consumption. The price goes down. So when there are six men asking for work where there is work only for three. The price of labor would go down. The enormous cut made in our manufacturing establishments would be followed by a cut all along the labor line. Did any great reduction in wages ever occur among one class of wage-workers, that wages did not fall all along that line? Never.

"But there would be a general strike." Undoubtedly. But it would do no good. There is no possible combination of workingmen that can compel wages to stay up in the face of such a combination of circumstances as these outlined. The wages of clerks in stores and offices, of plasterers, bricklayers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and draymen; of brakemen, switchmen and all railway employes; of telegraphers and type-writers; of grocery clerks and street-pavers; of all wage-workers and all salaried employes, would go down from 20 to 25 per cent.

A FALLACIOUS ARGUMENT.

"But," answers the free trader, "the price of all commodities will come down in proportion; your dollar then will buy more than it will now."

Think a moment; how would it reduce the price of anything except the products whereon the tariff now is imposed? (In fact, there are a large number of these which it would not reduce at all, as we shall show later.) Would it reduce the price of bread, and meat, of potatoes, of vegetables? Not at all; how could it affect them? It would not reduce house-rents, or the price of coal and wood for fuel; it would possibly reduce the prices of some articles of woolen clothing. It is a fact (as we shall show later), that on all grades of cotton goods, and on half the manufactured products that are now "protected," there would be no reduction at all, from the fact that we now make them as cheaply as England, owing to our superior machinery, which more than offsets the difference in labor.

But there are certain things of which it would reduce the prices materially. Fine silk dress goods, satins, and the vast array of silken raiment would be much cheaper than now. The fine grades of men's woolen suitings would be cheaper; an $80 suit of gentlemen's clothes would be bought, probably, for $63 or $70. The finer and more costly the class of goods, the cheaper, proportionately, they would be.

But what good would such reductions do the working man, the laborers in mills and mines, the clerk toiling at his desk, the brakeman on top of the freight car? He does not wear such goods, nor do his wife and daughters dress in shimmering silks and radiant satins. The benefit would accrue to the rich, not to the poor.

ANOTHER GROSS ERROR.

The free traders know these things, yet they aim to mislead the people by talking of the great profits of manufacturing. Now let us take some figures from the census of 1880, and give the free trade argument as to profits. The following shows only one of America's industries—manufacturing:

Number of establishments in 1880	253,840
Number of hands employed	2,738,930
Capital invested	$2,790,223,500
Total amount paid in wages	947,919,647
Value of raw material	3,369,340,029
Value of product	5,369,667,705

Now, your free traders adds together the fourth and fifth items in the above table, and says "the cost of material and wages is but $4,159,259,703; subtract this from the last item—the value of the product—and we have left $1,200,408,002, which is the net profit of capital. Hence capital in manufacturing pays over 40 per cent."

Now, one free trader may be ignorant, or he may designing, but he leaves out of his calculation a large number of items of expense which must be counted in. He overlooks the important fact that what he calls the "net profit of capital" comprises the personal labor, skill, and care of more than three-quarters of a million of men who own the 253,840 establishments, estimating only three owners to each establishment. The 1,200 millions of alleged "net profit" includes the service of 751,420 employers and the use of nearly three billions of capital. It also covers all the insurance—a heavy item—and all the losses and delays caused by fire, flood, or storm not covered by insurance; it also embraces all the cost of repairs on the plant—an immense expense—and all replacements of machinery. New inventions are constantly destroying the value of machines and methods of manufacture, which have to be thrown away, discarded, and replaced by new machines and methods. Tens of millions a year are sunk in this way.

And there are heavy losses by strikes and declines in the market prices of goods. The expense account also includes cost of gas, oil, candle and electric light—no small item; also all traveling expenses of the members of the firms and of their salesmen, and commissions paid on sales of manufactures, and tens of millions of interest on hundreds of millions of money borrowed from the banks to help carry on the business of a quarter-million of firms, and various other expenses too numerous to mention, all of which cut into the "profits." When all these deductions are made from the supposed "net profits" there is but a small part of the 43 per cent. left. Some of the manufacturers make money, but many never succeed in paying expenses, and end in losing both their labor and capital. It is the smallness of the net profits of the average employer of labor that causes nearly all co-operative establishments to f

Medical Bureau.

Rules for Those Sending Queries.

1. No queries will be answered unless from regular subscribers, whose names appear on our subscription books. If the name is not found there, no attention will be paid to it.

2. Write your name and postoffice address plainly in every case. The name will not be published; we will give initials, or any name you may choose. The address is always kept private.

3. Write each question in a separate letter. Then number it, and head each one by the number of the question which it is to answer. This is necessary, as they have to be sent to the proper department of the physician who is to answer them. The BLADE, Toledo, in the lower left hand corner of the envelope.

4. Questions will be sent by mail, in any case, as it is useless to ask us to publish them.

5. Answers are registered strictly in the order of the case; full age, sex and occupation of the patient, and give symptoms, as near as possible, to ascertain the nature of the disease. This will enable us to answer correctly.

Cases in Treatment.

Those who commence all letters under letter A. Please wait until we get the back letters in order.

348.—M., Estell Springs, Tenn.: For gas in the bowels, vicious appetite, etc., take this:

Lactopeptine	10 grains.
Bismuth subnit	10 grains.
Creta preparata	1 drachm.

M. Divide into 10 powders. Take one three times a day.

348.—Oregonian, Portland, Ore.: Catarrh in head.—Get of a druggist a "posterior nasal syringe"; he will show you how to use it. Have him put up:

Sulph. zinci	3 scruples.
Tinct. golden seal	1 ounce.
Aquæ dest., q. s. ad	4 ounces.

M. Inject one syringeful into the nose morning and evening. Get also:

Fluid extract yerba santa	2 ounces.

Take 15 drops three times a day. Continue this for at least 2 months.

349.—C., Appleton, Wis.: Rheumatic trouble in right leg.—Get a druggist to put up:

Salicylic acid	3 drachms.
Bicarbonate of soda	½ ounce.
Vini colchici	1 ounce.
Elixir simp., q. s. ad	4 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful 3 times a day. Rub the painful limb thoroughly with this morning and night:

Chloroform	1 ounce.
Tinct. aconite	1 ounce.
Tr. sapo. comp	2 ounces.

350.—A. B. W. C., Elkton, Ore.: Seminal emissions in elderly man.—Use all three prescriptions in case 180. Follow for 3 or 4 months steadily. Observe the rules for diet, etc., strictly, and you will be relieved.

351.—W., Lewis, Ia.: Nasal catarrh.—Follow treatment of case 348.

352.—L., Derry, Kan.: Costiveness and thrush in baby of 7 months.—For the costiveness, get this:

Tinct. aloes	1 drachm.
Syr. aurant. cort	3 drachms.

M. Give 15 drops every morning, until costiveness is removed. For the thrush, get this:

Borate of soda	½ ounce.
Honey	1 ounce.
Tinct. golden seal	1½ ounce.
Aquæ dest., q. s. ad	4 ounces.

M. Apply with a camel's hair brush or a feather to all parts of the inflamed surface within reach.

353.—L., Dushore, Pa.: Necrosis of bones of foot.—Consult a first-class physician.

354.—P., Goodland, Ind.: Bloody urine; no pain.—Get this put up:

Fl. ext. grindelia robusta	2 ounces.
Fl. ext. eucalyptus	2 ounces.
Fl. ext. corn silk	4 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful 3 times a day. Continue until no blood appears, and for 2 weeks longer. Report progress, giving No. of powders. Take 15 minutes before each meal.—Keep up this treatment steadily. When the constipation ceases, stop the second prescription. Continue the first prescription, and then report progress, giving No. of case.

355.—Timothy, Indian Run, Pa.: Dull pain in kidneys, liver troubles, etc.—Take the following:

Acetate potassæ	3 drachms.
Citrate of iron	2½ drachms.
Syrup sarsaparilla	4½ ounces.

Dose, one teaspoonful three times a day.

356.—F., Dewaide, Mich.: Catarrh of bowels.—Take the following:

Fluid extract podophyllin	2 drachms.
Fluid extract yerba santa	2½ ounces.
Comp. tinct. cinchona	2 ounces.
Comp. tinct. gentian	4 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful three times a day. Follow this treatment for one month and then report progress, giving No. of case. Further treatment will depend upon the result of this.

357.—Schaefer, Dewaide, Mich.: Catarrh of bowels.—Take the following:

Fluid extract podophyllin	2 drachms.
Fluid extract yerba santa	2½ ounces.
Comp. tinct. cinchona	2 ounces.
Comp. tinct. gentian	4 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful three times a day, ½ hour after meals.

358.—Farmer's wife, Brookfield, Mo.: Costiveness; wind on stomach.—For the costiveness, take the pills, second prescription, case 357. For the wind on the stomach, have the druggist put up:

Bicarbonate of soda	1 drachm.

Make 12 powders. Take one powder every 3 hours until relieved.

359.—Mrs. B., Connor Creek, Oregon: Excessive appetite, fleshiness, great weakness, swelling of glands, fat and dyspepsia and constipation.—Get a druggist to order:

Cascara cordial (F., D. & Co.'s)	6 ounces.

Begin with ½ teaspoonful 4 times a day, gradually increasing size of dose until there is one full passage per day; decrease the dose slowly, always taking enough to have one operation daily.—For the dyspepsia, get this:

Elixir pepsin, bismuth and strychnia	6 ounces.

Take a teaspoonful 3 times a day, just before meals. Eat plain food, no fats; drink neither tea nor coffee; bathe often, take exercise daily, and eat no more than is needed. After the dyspepsia and costiveness are cured, the other troubles should receive attention.

360.—J. F., Bertrand, Neb.: Pharyngitis; chronic and serious.—Have a druggist obtain for you:

Pepsin	½ ounce.
Podophyllin	2 grains.

M. Divide into 25 powders. Take one before each meal. Be regular in all habits; eat only plain food, no fats, no tea nor coffee; bathe and exercise daily.

362.—Anxious, Lincoln, Pa.: The stricture must be attended by a competent surgeon. For the smarting, etc., while urinating, take this:

Fluid extract corn silk	6 ounces.

A teaspoonful 3 times a day.

Information Wanted.

☞Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

Information wanted of Robert Bowie, Annie Bowie, Eugene Bowie, Jesse Bowie and Josephene Bowie. Something to their advantage. Address, Wm. G. Lawrence, 546 State street, Brooklyn, New York.

—WANTED—The address of every *voter* interested to know of the best side buggy spring in market. Write, The Champion Spring, Lockport, N. Y.

They Call Them "Sighs of a Nun."

Warm a lump of butter the size of a walnut, add a lump of sugar, a little lemon peel, and a pinch of salt in a tumbler full of water. Let it boil over two or three times. Stir in some flour until it becomes a thick paste, and continue stirring until it is cooked, which is ugood as to be when the paste does not stick to your finger. Leave in the sauce-pan until it is cold, then stir in one egg at a time until it is thin enough to drop out of a spoon. From a dessert spoon drop lumps of the paste about the size of a walnut into lard which is not quite boiling; take them out when swollen to four times their original size, and of a golden color. They are equally delicious served hot or cold.

—Central College of Shorthand, 105 State St., is the largest in Chicago, Ill., furnishes its graduates with good positions. Send for circular.

Mathematics at Midnight.

"What are you doing, Reginald?" asked Reginald's wife as she saw him lay down the two-year old and take up the twin babies, who were crying like good ones.

"Only an example in addition, my dear," he responded, wearily. "I don't understand it. I put down one and am carrying two, that's all," and he began the midnight walking match.—*Tid-Bits.*

Bull-Dog Ants in Surgery.

A citizen of Valrosia, Fla., wants to send some of the big red ants of that region, called "bull-dog" ants, to surgeons for use in fastening wounds of the intestines. He says that if the edges of two pieces of soft paper are held together and a bull-dog ant held so that he will clutch both sides, and his head be then quickly twisted off, the ant becomes a fixture in that position. He says that Spanish surgeons use the bull-dog ants as sutures in that way.

—You may be impregnable to chills and fever if you will take one dose twice a week one of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Pillets, they are no larger than a pin head and pleasant to take.

Sheer Nonsense.

Mother—Are you going to take Bobby to the circus this afternoon?

Father—No, these circuses are all nonsense. He will be better off for not going.

Mother—The poor little fellow will be disappointed. But what makes you so late to dinner, dear?

Father—I have been down at the depot watching them take the elephant off the train.

—The best monthly paper in America FREE. Send your name on a postal card. R. B. MITCHELL, Room 69 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Another Version of It.

Mr. Piesnap—"Waiter, here is a button in the soup."

Waiter—"Ah, yes—the cook's. Well, you can have it. H'll never miss it."

An Interview

With Ex-Senator Albert Merritt, Head of the Great Fruit Co., 85 and 83 Park Place, N. Y.

"There are a few things that I believe in with all my heart and strength, and it affords me pleasure to tell of one of them." The speaker was Mr. Albert Merritt, of the above firm, and the scene his office.

"Some time ago when visiting Poughkeepsie, N. Y., I was suffering from urinary and digestive trouble. Through the inactivity of both liver and kidneys I was sick from head to foot, and feared that I had become permanently one of the multitude who are fated to endure the tortures of dyspepsia, added to the still more dangerous affection of the urinary organs. I was in this condition when a relative said to me: "Why don't you try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy?"

"I did so, and it did what I call deep work. It went to the very root and source of the trouble. Continuing its use, and discarding everything else, I grew steadily better. I could eat and digest; I could sleep and arise refreshed; I could work with a clearer head, and my friends and my mirror agreed in assuring me that the yellow, livid color of my skin had given place to the tones that announce pure blood, and every organ of the body in healthy action, and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is honestly entitled to the undivided credit of it.

"If any one seeing this has an atom of doubt about the sincerity and truth of my statements, let him write to me or call upon me, and I will convince him. My family and my employes soon became as thoroughly converted to faith in Favorite Remedy as I was myself. For bilfious headache, indigestion, and all the ailments we are subject to Favorite Remedy is our sole and unfailing resort.

"I can give you the names and addresses of fifty personal friends who affirm, as I do, from absolute knowledge and experience that Favorite Remedy, made and sold by Dr David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., has been to them a help and a blessing in time of need. If I could command the proper words I would say more. You can't possibly exaggerate my admiration for the medicine, nor my respect for its proprietor as a physician and as a man."

curable. Get the best physician attainable to make a thorough examination.

385.—L., Rushville, O.: Urinary disease and other complications in girl of 12. Obtain the following:

Fluid extract eucalyptus	1 ounce.
Fluid extract corn silk	4 ounces.
Simple elixir	3 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful 3 times a day. If one of the attacks you mention comes on, due to cold, give a teaspoonful 5 times a day until the symptoms are abated, then 3 times a day again.

386.—M., Gabriel Mills, Tex.: Urinary trouble; piles.—For the latter, use ointment in case 285. For the urinary trouble, take this:

Fl. ext. corn silk	4 ounces.
Fl. ext. eucalyptus	1½ ounces.
Elixir calisaya, q. s. ad	6 ounces.

M. A teaspoonful 3 times a day.

387.—Joanna, Roulette, Pa.: Rheumatic trouble in back.—Follow full treatment of case 349.

388.—A., Corn House, Ala.: Piles.—Go to a good druggist, and have him put up the medicine prescribed in case 176, and follow treatment therein indicated.

389.—B. J. H., Joplin, Mo.—Irregular and painful menstruation in girl of 18; leucorrhœa.—Give the following:

Quinia sulph	32 grains.
Ext. nux vomica	6 grains.
Aloin	2 grains.
Ext. gentian, q. s.	

Make 20 pills. Take one pill 3 times a day. Also use the following injection:

Sulph. zinci	2 ounces.

Divide into 30 powders. Dissolve 1 powder in a quart of hot soft water, and inject, with vaginal syringe, morning and evening.

390.—M., Clearfield, Pa.: Non-retention of urine at night in aged person.—Get this:

Fluid extract corn silk	6 ounces.

Take a teaspoonful morning, noon and at bedtime. For the rheumatic feet, follow treatment of case 349.

391.—W., Ithaca, Mich.: Your trouble is with the stomach, not the heart, we think.—Take the following:

Pepsin	½ ounce.
Podophyllin	2 grains.

M. Divide into 25 powders. Take one before each meal. Be regular in all habits; eat only plain food, no fats, no tea nor coffee; bathe and exercise daily.

392.—Anxious, Lincoln, Pa.: The stricture must be attended by a competent surgeon. For the smarting, etc., while urinating, take this:

Fluid extract corn silk	6 ounces.

A teaspoonful 3 times a day.

Information Wanted.

☞Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

Information wanted of Robert Bowie, Annie Bowie, Eugene Bowie, Jesse Bowie and Josephene Bowie. Something to their advantage. Address, Wm. G. Lawrence, 546 State street, Brooklyn, New York.

—WANTED—The address of every *voter* interested to know of the best side buggy spring in market, Write, The Champion Spring, Lockport, N. Y.

They Call Them "Sighs of a Nun."

Warm a lump of butter the size of a walnut, add a lump of sugar, a little lemon peel, and a pinch of salt in a tumbler full of water. Let it boil over two or three times. Stir in some flour until it becomes a thick paste, and continue stirring until it is cooked, which is ugood as to be when the paste does not stick to your finger. Leave in the sauce-pan until it is cold, then stir in one egg at a time until it is thin enough to drop out of a spoon. From a dessert spoon drop lumps of the paste about the size of a walnut into lard which is not quite boiling; take them out when swollen to four times their original size, and of a golden color. They are equally delicious served hot or cold.

—Central College of Shorthand, 105 State St., is the largest in Chicago, Ill., furnishes its graduates with good positions. Send for circular.

Mathematics at Midnight.

"What are you doing, Reginald?" asked Reginald's wife as she saw him lay down the two-year old and take up the twin babies, who were crying like good ones.

"Only an example in addition, my dear," he responded, wearily. "I don't understand it. I put down one and am carrying two, that's all," and he began the midnight walking match.—*Tid-Bits.*

Bull-Dog Ants in Surgery.

A citizen of Valrosia, Fla., wants to send some of the big red ants of that region, called "bull-dog" ants, to surgeons for use in fastening wounds of the intestines. He says that if the edges of two pieces of soft paper are held together and a bull-dog ant held so that he will clutch both sides, and his head be then quickly twisted off, the ant becomes a fixture in that position. He says that Spanish surgeons use the bull-dog ants as sutures in that way.

—You may be impregnable to chills and fever if you will take one dose twice a week one of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Pillets, they are no larger than a pin head and pleasant to take.

Sheer Nonsense.

Mother—Are you going to take Bobby to the circus this afternoon?

Father—No, these circuses are all nonsense. He will be better off for not going.

Mother—The poor little fellow will be disappointed. But what makes you so late to dinner, dear?

Father—I have been down at the depot watching them take the elephant off the train.

—The best monthly paper in America FREE. Send your name on a postal card. R. B. MITCHELL, Room 69 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Another Version of It.

Mr. Piesnap—"Waiter, here is a button in the soup."

Waiter—"Ah, yes—the cook's. Well, you can have it. H'll never miss it."

DIED.

How often do we see under this heading the name of some one near and dear to us. Many whose names are thus printed would to day be alive and well if they had put prejudice and poisonous drugs aside and accepted the honest offer we have been making them for years past. During the last nine years we have cured tens of thousands of patients suffering from chronic ailments after all other treatments had failed, by means of our wonderful Electric Pad Appliances. We have so much faith in our goods that we send them on trial, and do not require payment unless they make a cure. Can you ask anything fairer than this? Different appliances to cure Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Debility, Asthma, Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys and Lungs, &c. Illustrated book giving full particulars and testimonials from every State in the U. S., and blank for statement of your case sent free. Address Electric Pad M'f'g. Co., 44 Fletcher Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to day, remember we take the risk of the Appliance failing, the only risk you take is the risk of being cured.

☞CAPITAL PRIZE $75,000 ☜
Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L. S. L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with facsimiles of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
J. W. KILBRETH, Pres. State Nat'l Bk.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Extraordinary Drawings regularly every three months Instead of Semi-Annually as heretofore.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. TENTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS K, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, October 12, 1886—197th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.
100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each.
Fractions, in Fifths, in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE	$75,000
1	do do	25,000
1	do do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF $5000	10,000
5	do 2000	10,000
10	do 1000	10,000
20	do 500	10,000
100	do 200	20,000
200	do 100	20,000
500	do 50	25,000
1000	do 25	25,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

9	Approximation Prizes of $750	6,750
9	do do 500	4,500
9	do do 250	2,250
1967	Prizes, amounting to	$265,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Make P. O. Money Orders payable and address Registered Letters to

NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

Sparing the Details.

A Frenchman and an Austrian were discussing railroad travel in Europe. "Accidents are very uncommon in France," observed the Frenchman. "True," said the Austrian, "but you have a tendency to exaggerate that would make one think otherwise. When the slightest mishap occurs your newspapers teem with descriptions of broken limbs and scalded hands and feet. You don't spare the reader a single horrible detail. And to what end?" "And pray what do the Austrian newspapers do?" "In Austria when an accident takes place we announce that four more persons were found aboard of the train than when it started."

LADIES' PLUSH SATCHEL FREE

The beautiful Ladies' Hand Satchel shown in the annexed illustration is made of fine plush, with nickel trimmings and silk cord handles. Ladies will find it very handy to carry their purse and articles wanted going out calling or shopping. It will answer as a present for a young lady to whom you wish to show special attention, or a lady friend. We publish The Cricket on the Hearth, a large 16-page, 64-column Illustrated Literary and Family Paper, filled with the choicest reading matter for the family circle, and being desirous of increasing its already large circulation to 100,000, we now make the following *wonderfully liberal offer. Upon receipt of only* Thirty-Eight Cents, we will send The Cricket on the Hearth for Four Months, and to every subscriber we will also send, Free and postpaid, the handsome Ladies' Hand Satchel above described. Remember, the Satchel costs you nothing; it is given free as a premium with the paper. This is a rare opportunity and a rare bargain. Send without delay. Postage stamps taken. As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in New York. Address,
S. H. MOORE & Co., 97 Park Place, New York.

A Boon to Be Held Sacred.

A Cleveland justice has fined three young men $3 and costs for ringing a chestnut bell on the streets to attract the attention of girls, and if the police have been notified to arrest all persons guilty of a similar offense, and quite right, too. The chestnut gong should not be perverted from its noble use.

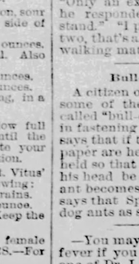
CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Didn't Waste Any Oil.

"You did not waste much midnight oil over your books last night, did you?" inquired the professor, in a sarcastic tone.

"No sir. I burn gas in my room," replied the young man, modestly.



DR. LOOMIS'S LATEST. IMPROVED "VAPOR BATTERY."

The Wonder of the nineteenth century.

Patent applied for.

During the years 1884-85-86 thousands have used the batteries under his directions. The blind have been enabled to see, and the deaf to hear. People suffering with catarrh, in some cases between 30 and 40 years; also neuralgia, hay fever, asthma, nervous headache, colds, etc., etc., have been cured. Sufferers are requested to investigate; one treatment without charge. Catalogue sent upon application. Address

VAPOR BATTERY COMPANY,
54 West 23d St., New York.
Mention Toledo Blade.

H. S. BERLIN,

Attorney-at-Law, Washington, D. C., practices before Committees of Claims and U. S. Departments.

WAR CLAIMS A SPECIALTY.

A Digest of the Pension Laws, containing all important Decisions, Rulings and Orders, compiled from the latest Official Digest and from Congressional Documents, will be sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents.

H. S. BERLIN,
Box 392, Washington, D. C.

A Great Repository of Practical and Scientific Information.

ONE OF THE FULLEST, FRESHEST, AND MOST VALUABLE HAND-BOOKS OF THE AGE. INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY PRACTICAL MAN.

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Free of Postage to any Address in the World.

THE Techno-Chemical Receipt Book:

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Containing several thousand Receipts covering the Latest, Most Important and Most Useful Discoveries in Chemical Technology, and their Practical Application in the Arts and the Industries. Edited chiefly from the German of Drs. Winckler, Elsner, Heinzlze, Mierzinski, Jacobsen, Kolbe and Heinzerling, with additions by William T. Brannt, Graduate of the Royal Agricultural College of Eldena, Prussia, and William H. Wahl, Ph. D. (Heid.), Secretary of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia; author of "Galvanoplastic Manipulations." Illustrated by 78 engravings. One Volume, over 500 pages, 12mo., elegantly bound in scarlet cloth, silt, closely printed, containing an immense amount and a great variety of matter.

Price, $2.00, free of postage to any address in the world.

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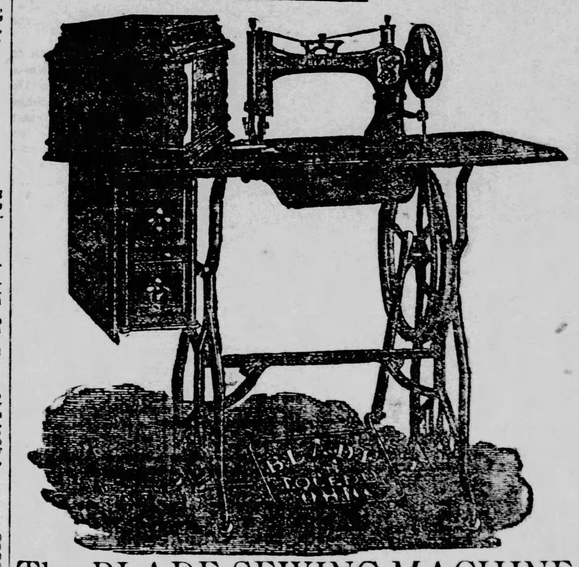
For comfort, at lowest rates, address Warner Bros. & Crosby, 126 Washington street, Chicago.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN SEWING MACHINES.

The Best Machine in the World at Less Than Half Price.



The BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

Please Read This Carefully.

The above is a correct representation of the BLADE Sewing Machine, made by the BLADE Company for the sole purpose of breaking the crushing Monopoly in this most useful of all domestic helps.

It is the best machine, stands without a peer, and the most useful machine ever put upon the market.

It will do any and all work that can possibly be wanted in any family.

It will cross heavier seams, or work from thin to thick goods, better than any machine ever made, without changing tension or length of stitch.

It is a marvel of simplicity, consequently light-running and still.

It is a double back-feed, not an old side-feed machine, and does not pucker the goods in changing length of stitch.

It has decidedly the best loose wheel of any made; always ready for action.

It is unquestionably the neatest design of any machine ever placed upon the market, with wood-work unsurpassed in quality and finish, while the ornamentation is unexcelled.

The hand wheel and all bright parts are heavily nickeled, almost equal to silver.

Bear in mind that it is not made up of old expired patents free to all, but the improvements are original with this machine, owned by us, and not used by any other Sewing Company.

Almost the entire machine is an improved principle.

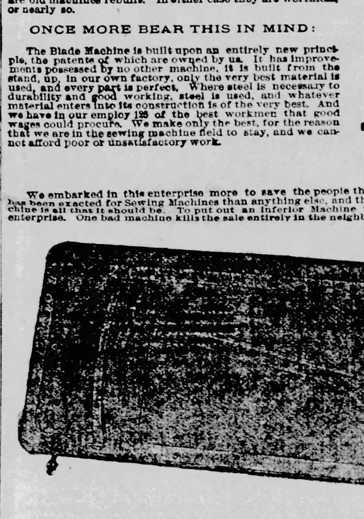
BEAR THIS IN MIND:

The old monopoly machines are not sold at less than $38. There have been machines advertised for $18 and $20, but these are either machines built of cheap material, from expired patents which have none of the New improvements, or are old machines rebuilt. In either case they are worthless, or nearly so.

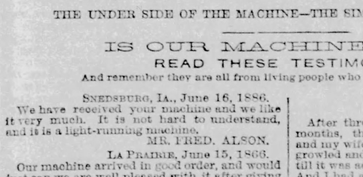
ONCE MORE BEAR THIS IN MIND:

The Blade Machine is built upon an entirely new principle, the patents of which are owned by us. It has improvements possessed by no other machine, it is built from the ground up, in our own factory, only the very best material is used, and every part is perfect. Where steel is necessary to durability and good working, steel is used, and whatever material enters into its construction is of the very best. And we have in our employ 126 of the best workmen that good wages could procure. We make only the best, for the reason that we are in the sewing machine field to stay, and we cannot afford poor or unsatisfactory work.

We embarked in this enterprise more to save the people the enormous and oppressive price that has been exacted for Sewing Machines than anything else, and that is sufficient guaranty that our Machine is all that it should be. To put out an inferior Machine would be to defeat the object of the enterprise. One bad machine kills the sale entirely in the neighborhood in which it is sold.



THE NEEDLE BAR AND FEED



THE UNDER SIDE OF THE MACHINE—THE SIMPLEST IN THE WORLD.

IS OUR MACHINE GOOD?
READ THESE TESTIMONIALS

And remember they are all from living people who can be reached by mail.

SNEDSBURG, Ia., June 16, 1886.

We have received your machine and we like it very much. It is hard to understand, and it is a light-running machine.
MR. FRED. ALSON.

LA PRAIRIE, June 15, 1886.

Our machine arrived in good order, and would just say we are well pleased with it after giving it a trial, and it is a handsomer machine than we expected for the money. It looks better, if anything than the $45 one the agent has been trying to sell us. There is several wanting to see it, as they want a good machine, when it is so cheap.
WM. ANDERSON.

ELK CITY, Kas., June 15, 1886.

The machine got here all right, and my wife is well pleased with it so far as she has tried it. She has gone on a visit, and as soon as she gets back she will give it a thorough trial, and then she will write you about it. Every one that sees it thinks it is a daisy.
W. J. WALKER.

WAYLAND, N. Y., June 15, 1886.

May machine came June 11. We sent for it nearly four months ago, but it finally came all right. My wife likes it very much. Does good work and is equal to the dearest machines. Others are talking of getting them.
GEO. J. SCHWINGLE.

ISHPEMING, May 25, 1886.

The sewing machine arrived in good order; the machine is in all senses of the word above my expectation. In looks it is a beauty, it does beautiful work, and my wife is well pleased. She has given it a thorough test, and the more she uses it the better she likes it. She has a good Domestic machine, and thought that she could never get a better one, but she is of a different opinion now, and thinks that the difference in price should be reversed. She praises you very much for your success in getting up such a masterpiece of work for such a small amount of money, and will recommend itself wherever it goes.
AUGUST BERLING.

LOWE'S, GRAVES CO., KY., June 17, 1886.

After three and a half long and vexatious months, the machines arrived. Mrs. Carrico and my wife had, in consequence of the delay, growled and fretted and frothed at the mouth, till it was actually dangerous to be near them. And I had almost concluded that they would not allow them carried into the house, but they did, and when I removed the crate and brushed off the machine, I asked my wife how she felt toward the Blade Company. Her reply was "a little better." I run a few pieces of muslin through, and then asked her how she felt toward the Blade Company. She replied "very well." I then sewed a piece of jeans four double, and asked the question again, and she replied that "the Blade Company are gentlemen of the first water." Mrs. C. says she would not take $50 for hers. You had best make 100 more than you had anticipated for this end of the country. They are going to have them.
Respectfully,
W. E. BOSWELL.

N. B.—After using the machine two weeks, I pronounce it a success.
Respectfully,
MATTIE BOSWELL.

GRANTVILLE, Jefferson County, Kas., June 17, 1886.

The sewing machine came all right. It works all right, runs lighter than and makes as neat a stitch as any machine we ever used. We are well pleased with it, and think we have a good bargain in the purchase. We can fully recommend the machine.
Mrs. A. W. MORRIS,
Pastor of M. E. Church.

SIBLEY, Hardin County, Tenn., June 13, 1886.

We received our machine a few weeks ago and like it very much. It does good, nice work. I can use all of the attachments. We think it is a good machine, and will recommend it as such to all who want a good, nice and cheap sewing machine.
ANNIE C. HOGDINE.

DO YOU WANT MORE PROOF?

We don't see how you can. We are receiving hundreds of letters like these every day. Of course there have been some complaints, but those were from machines that were injured in transit, or from people who did not quite understand the working of it. But those machines were made good at once, so we can safely say that the Machine has given satisfaction in every case.

A GOOD WARRANTY.

THE BLADE COMPANY WARRANTS EVERY MACHINE

To be exactly as represented, and everybody in the United States knows that the BLADE'S Warranty is as good as gold.

Over 2,000 of the Blade Machines are now in use in the United States.

They have gone in every State and Territory, and no Machine was ever sold that has given such universal satisfaction. The ladies using them are delighted with them, and in less than another year it will be the standard machine of the United States.

WHY IS THIS?

Because the Machine was perfected before it was commenced being made for the market. We did not experiment upon the people. Mr. O. F. Danielson, the inventor, made seven different machines by hand, before he showed it to anybody, and then not until he had it perfect in every part. Then the moment the tools were made for the different parts, we commenced turning out the machine as he had it perfected. It is a perfect machine and will be the leading machine for years. It will do more kinds of work, and better work than any other machine. It runs easier and with less noise, and is more reliable and durable. It is a perfect machine, and it will be a long day before it is equalled. We are willing to put it in competition with any high priced machine on the market, both as to parts work and appearance. Don't let Sewing Maching Agents prejudice you against it. We are saving you $18 or $20 in price and warrant as good an article as the best.

ORDERS FILLED NOW AT ONCE.

We have caught up with our back orders, our factory is running like clock work, and we can fill orders now the same day they are received. There will be no delay. Those in want of machines will be sure of receiving them as soon as the roads can carry them. Therefore,

ORDER AT ONCE.

Don't wait till the fall of the year when we shall be crowded, but order now and be in readiness for your fall's sewing.

OUR OUTFIT.

The following are the attachments furnished with the BLADE SEWING MACHINE:

One dozen assorted self-setting Needles; six Bobbins; one Oil Can, filled with oil; two Screw-drivers, one for machine, the other for attachments; one Thread Cutter and Wrench; one Ruffler, which will do Piping, Edge-Stitching and Shirring; four Hemmers; one Binder; one Tuck-Marker; one Thumb-screw; one Quilting Guide; one highly illustrated Book of Instructions, with valuable hints on the care of a Machine; one Cloth Presser Lifter, and one extra Cloth Presser spring.

TERMS:

The Blade Sewing Machine, warranted, and the Weekly Blade One Year for $18.

Machines will be shipped by Freight or Express, as directed in the order. We advise shipping by freight, as they go as safely at one-third the cost.

Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

SOLID ROLLED GOLD RINGS.

To introduce our fine jewellery to new customers, we will send the following goods at the special prices quoted, which are about one-fourth the regular price charged in jewelry stores. We warrant each and all of the following goods to be 18k. Solid rolled Gold, and with each order we send a grand new catalogue of splendid jewellery. Please give us a trial order, and we will prove to you that we deliver more than any firm in America.
J. Lynn & Co., 769 Broadway, New York, give grander value than any firm in America.

WEDDING RING. This grand ring has been sold in retail jewellery stores for two dollars. It is a magnificent ring, and grand value, and the equal of filled rings frequently sold for two and three dollars. We send a sample of this ring, by mail, for 20 cents.

BAND RING. Sample by mail, 15 cents.

Put a piece of paper round the ring finger until it joins; this gives the size of ring you wear; then pin this piece of paper to your letter. All the rings and jewellery advertised above will be sold to any person who reads the advertisement. Posting stamps taken just the same as cash for all the above jewellery. Address J. LYNN & CO., 769 Broadway, New York.

CHASED RING. This is an exceedingly handsome and costly ring. Sample, by mail, 25 cents.

SLEEVE BUTTONS. These buttons are gold plated, and have real stones, tiger eyes, gold stones, etc. These Buttons have Lever Shanks. They are worth a dollar a pair. We send a sample pair for 20 cents.

MANHATTAN Separable Collar Button. The real stone top of this button can be taken off and put on as quick as a wink. Sample by mail, 25 cents. Three, assorted, for 25 cents.

FRIENDSHIP RING. This ring has two pretty hands clasping each other in friendship. Sample, by mail, 10 cents.

MISSES' RING. This solid rolled gold ring is worth one dollar. We send a sample, by mail, for TEN CENTS.

TRIPLE GOLD PLATED LEVER COLLAR BUTTONS. These fine gold-plated lever back buttons have been sold for twenty-five cents each. At the prices we charge, we almost give them away. Sample, by mail..... 2 cents. Four, by mail..... 10 cents.

GOOD LUCE RING. We send a sample of this new Horseshoe Ring, emblem of good luck and prosperity, to any person, for 12 cents.

HEART RING. This is a worth one dollar keepsake ring, sent, by mail, for TEN Cents.

BIRD PIN.

This is an elegant gold-plated pin, worth fifty cents at least. We send a sample by mail, for TEN CENTS.

A lady or gentleman agent wanted in each town. Address J. LYNN & CO., 769 Broadway, New York.

(MENTION PAPER WHEN YOU SEND.)

$43.00 ONLY. HOLIDAY GIFTS $75.00 Organs, 10 Stop, Reduced to $43.00

Shipped on 10 Days' Test Trial Before PAYMENT is Required.

Warranted For 5 Years.

STOOL, INSTRUCTION BOOK and delivery on board cars in Toledo. The "ORCHESTRAL ORGAN" has never before been offered for less than $75.00. We are now selling it at half. We have in stock at Toledo 5,000 of these Organs, and will ship one to every reader of this paper who will send us $43.00 before it is all gone.

ONLY $43.00

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Read Description Below, 5 Octaves, 10 Stops, Sub-Bass and 2 Knee Swells,

CONTAINS 5 SETS OF REEDS, VIZ.:

1 Set Large Powerful S

The Household.

MISS EMILY E. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

EQUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

"He is a man. You cannot apply the same rule of judgment to him as to a woman."

And why not? I have heard this argument used many times and often, but could never see its force or cogency. His passions may be stronger, but if he has the greater strength of will that he claims, and which is usually accorded to him, he is so much the better able to grapple with and overcome them. The temptations that he meets may be far more in number, but he has the larger knowledge of the world and can better measure the consequences of wrong doing. He expects to be recognized as the superior in all matters requiring power, force and decision, and yet demands a larger charity to be extended to his shortcomings, a larger liberty to sin against the laws of morality and be forgiven than is allowed to women. And the latter yield to this claim almost without question or a thought of resistance. They shut their doors against the woman whose sin against purity is only in the vestibule of singleion, but swing them wide open to the male, even when his offense has gone far beyond the realm of doubt. It is next to impossible for a woman, unless she has friends of wealth and position, to regain a lost place in society, while the man, after the nine days excitement is over, steps back without fear of criticism or indentation from the majority of those with whom he is associated.

Why this difference? Echo alone answers, so far as any satisfactory reason is concerned. It can only be the result of education which has taught such a sentiment as that expressed in the opening of his article.

Men say that women lack charity toward each other, that they set the example of cruelty to their own sex. It does sometimes seem so, but may not this severity be looked upon in another light? Is it always so much the lack of charity and kindness, as the consciousness of the terrible consequences, as society is now constituted, to women themselves, of a laxity in morals? Is it not calculated to produce a sterner self-control, to be a safeguard against yielding to temptation, to stand as an ever present check to warm impulses and passionate emotion? God knows that there can be no battle so hard to fight as that with one's own self, and that every human being, man or woman, needs, at some hour of life, to be panoplied with all the safeguards that the angels can gather to keep them morally sweet and pure. In that way the sentiment of society of which I speak, works good for women rather than ill, but why exact so much more of them than of men.

It would not be well to sweep away a single restraint that women have thrown around women, but it would be right and just to extend them to men, and to visit their breaking over with the same condemnation and punishment. It would be well to make it understood that what closes the door to one sex, does so to the other; that a breath upon the fair name of a woman casts no deeper shadow than a like one does upon that of a man, and that the strength of self-restraint in him should correspond to his claimed strength of brain and body.

Not long ago I heard these bitter words from one who spoke from a cruelly wounded heart.

"These woman gossips have ruined her. They have made her character a thing of shreds and patches?"

"Was it all woman gossip?" I thought as I heard. It is true that there are many who have little to occupy their time and mind except to watch their neighbors, but it is also true that a doubtful word from a man, which is too often carelessly uttered, will do more to blacken a woman's character than the severest reflection cast by a woman.

It has been the same innate feeling that her brother and husband must be judged by other rules than those applied to herself which has made women so long acquiesce without remonstrance in a legislation that renders vice lawful, in laws which in some states and in England may sweep away from her a fair young daughter who has not yet entered into her teens, and there is no redress. Specious arguments are brought to prove that such legislation is best, but if they prove anything, it is that thus is cherished the worst side of man's nature, that thus he encourages the strengthening of evil in himself, instead of approaching through self-government, nearer and nearer to the type of perfect manhood, which, in its power for good, is but little lower than the angels.

Within the past few years has been inaugurated what may well be called a new moral crusade, for its object is, by virtue of aroused public sentiment, to sweep away government complicity with vice. The organization is only twelve years old, but in that time it has done wonderful work.

I cannot stop here to tell what has been accomplished, only to speak briefly of Mrs. Butler, the noble, self-sacrificing woman who led the struggle, and who has done more for her sister woman, and indirectly for her brother man, than almost any other that can be mentioned.

There is a deep pathos in the way by which she was led into this ministry of good, this struggle with vice. She had lost, by sudden accident, her own daughter, her one child, and the silence in her home was a misery greater than she could bear. She was sent by one who knew the human heart and its needs, to visit a refuge for lost girls, and there was expended the overflow of motherly love which had been deprived of its object. She felt, as only those who have suffered can feel, the anguish of other mothers who lose their daughters by worse than death, and she resolved to fight the good fight which was to save, not only woomanhood but manhood as well, from the effects of legalized vice in the future.

The Social Purity societies in our own country are the results of the agitation of the subject, although her individual labors have been confined to England. They are doing good work, many of them quietly, but none the less efficiently, and time will show that they have not been laboring in vain.

It seems to me, however, that much in this direction is to be done in the homes of our land. It is now the thought and feeling, often, perhaps, unspoken, but none the less potent, that boys must sow their wild oats, with the expectation that when once that process is over, they will settle down into good men and true. No such latitude is allowed to girls. They must meet and resist temptation from the beginning. Wild oats are not supposed to sprout in their natures, and if, perchance, in some case a wayward girl shows that God has not made her so different from her brother after all, there is no excuse for her shortcomings even in the thoughts of her own father and mother. They may pity and forgive, with an infinite patience, but they do not hope for her future, and the world frowns upon her darkly.

I know all the arguments that are brought to bear to prove that this is a natural and proper state of things, but I still believe that boys, as well as girls, should be taught personal purity in their homes. They should be taught the evil consequences of vice, and that they cannot give themselves up to self-indulgence without losing what they can never regan in all time. They should be made to feel that they, as well as their sisters, are to keep watch and guard over their evil impulses, that their greater strength of passions is no reason for lesser self-control, but rather challenges them to show the power of a strong, true manhood in holding the rein over self. Parents should not shirk this responsibility, leaving their boys to be taught by chance how far they may sin against their own natures, and wrong others without being called to account by society or by the law. They should be led to realize that vice is equally hateful in man or woman, and when this work is done in the homes, we may hope for purer social conditions, and not until then.

EMILY S. BOUTON

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Photograph Holder.—Some one writes to know what to do with photographs, of which she has more than her album will hold. A very pretty device is that of a screen. Get a standard upon which is the frame for a single leaf. Cover some very heavy cardboard with plush, velvet, satin or Japanese figured raw silk, upon both sides. If of plain, solid color, let one side be of crimson and the other of peacock blue. Decorate the upper left hand corner of one side either by painting, embroidery, or tinsel braiding. If either of the two last are used, it must be done before being put on the pasteboard. Take ribbon, either satin or velvet, depending upon the material used to cover the leaf, and put it on in parallel rows far enough apart to slip the photograph through. Fasten the ribbons together with fancy beads or small buttons. This side must all be finished before the other is put on. That may have two long pieces one above the other stitched on and then stitched into compartments large enough to hold cabinet pictures. When finished put into the frame. The fancy will guide other decorations which may be placed on either side. This idea may be varied as to material or shape.

The *Art Interchange* of September 25 thus describes a portfolio made for this purpose, having three leaves: The latter are made of thinner board than the cover, which has to be of two pieces covered with material that is continuous, so that they may lie folded like a book. The leaves are of the thinner cardboard, in which has been cut openings large enough to admit the photographs. Then cover them with silk or satin. It will be a nice job to cut out the openings and finish neatly, but it can be done.

Another way, which has been already described in the BLADE, is to make a portfolio like the cover of a book, with two pockets on the inside, in which the pictures may be slipped.—ED.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; k back, knit back; slip, slip stitch.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; s st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Knitted Tidy.—The apple leaf pattern. Allow twenty stitches for each pattern and six extra for the two edges. ("Edge," in the directions means, knit three plain at the beginning and ending of every needle.) Knit three plain, narrow and over, commencing the pattern, and the same at the end of the tidy before binding off. Eighty-six stitches is a good number for a tidy, provided the yarn is course and a wide border is used. 1. Edge—p 1—n—k 3—o—n—o—n —o—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—k 3—n; repeat from edge. Do this every time the directions say repeat. 2. And every alternate row same. 3. Edge—p 1—n—k 2—o—n—o—n —o—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n; repeat. 5. Edge—p 1—n—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—k 1—n; repeat. 7. Edge—p 1—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 7—o—n—o—n—o—n; repeat. 9. Edge—n—o—n—o —n—o—k 9—o—n—o—n—o—k 3 tog—o—n—o —n—o—k 9—o—n—o—n—o—k 1, repeat to all written out in this row. 11. Edge—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—k 3—n—p 1—n—k 3—o —n—o—n—o; repeat, then k 1. 13. Edge—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—p 1—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 1; repeat and n in place of knitting one, at end. 15. Edge—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—k 1—n—p 1—n —k 1—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; repeat. 17. Edge—k 4—o—n—o—n—o—n—p 1—n—o— n—o—n—o—k 3 tog; repeat. 19. Edge —k 5—o—n—o—n—o—k 3—tog—o—n— o—n—o—k 4; repeat. 20. p—back, then begin again with 1st row, and so continue knitting from 1st to 20th until the tidy is of the desired length.—LILLIE DALE.

Knitted Edging.—Cast on seventeen stitches. 1st row.—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n —k 6—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—o 3 times *—k 2. 2d row.—k 3—p 1—k rest plain. 3d row.—k 3—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n— o—n—k 6. 4th row plain. 5th row.—k 3 —o—n—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 6. 6th row. Cast off 3—k rest plain, begin at first row. This is a handsome edge for plain net. * means to make three stitches out of o 3 times.—MRS. H. E. ERSKINE, Piper City, Illinois.

The following is an explanation of some of the most common terms in crocheting, so often asked for. More will be given in the future:—ED.

Ch.—Chain.

Sc.—Single Crochet. Having a stitch on the needle, put the needle through the work and draw the silk through both the work and stitch on the needle.

Dc.—Double Crochet. Having a stitch on the needle, put the needle through the work and draw a stitch through, making two on the needle. Take up the silk again and draw it through both these stitches.

Tc. or Tr.—Treble Crochet. Having a stitch on the needle, wind the silk as if for a stitch, put the needle through the work and draw a stitch through, making three on the needle. Take up the silk and draw through two, then take up again and draw through the two remaining.

Stc. or Str.—Short Treble Crochet. Like treble, except that when the three stitches are on the needle, instead of drawing the silk through two stitches twice, it is drawn through all three at once.

Ltc. or Ltr.—Long Treble Crochet. Like treble, except that the silk is thrown twice over the needle before inserting the latter in the work. The stitches are worked off two at a time, as in treble.

—Indicates a repetition, and is used merely to save words. " 2 ch., 2 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr., 3 times in a time" would be equivalent to saying: "2 ch., 2 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr."

Correspondence.

A SHARP CRITICISM OF OUIDA.—Here it is again! This is the fourth paper this week that I have picked up and found some of the false, unjust and uncalled for ravings of that mad-woman, Ouida. Oh, how could a woman write such things, and how could a man born of woman, publish, copy and recopy them? What class of women has the great writer been so unfortunate as to meet?

If she had said a woman has no intellect, and that sort of thing, we are used to that and do not mind it, or if she had spoken of some women as bad, we do not deny that. But this, mind you, is said of women as a class.

A woman's monopoly of her husband."

A woman, to a certain extent, has a right to monopolize her own husband. Who should, if not she?

"Woman's tyranny."

I am sure all the men I have known have been tyrants. Why, I have noticed that boy babies come into the world with purple faces and clenched fists, demanding their own way, and straight way begin to tyranize over the entire house.

"Unforgiving to man's unfaithfulness."

Let every man answer from his heart. Does she not forgive, even until seventy times seven?

"Uncany to freedom."

She has not known what freedom is yet. Why, I shall not stop to argue. This is not a woman's rights article, but a blow in self-defense.

"Considers herself valuable, admirable, almost divine." This is not so! If she is considered so by some men, it is perhaps not without cause. But from her earliest infancy a girl is taught to look up, administer to, and wait upon man. If a little girl can do aught to render life more bearable to those superior beings of the household to which she belongs, she may bless her stars, and consider that she has not lived in vain!

"She fancies herself necessary to a man because he is necessary to her."

In regard to sentiment and matters of the heart, men and women are equally necessary to each other, but in regard to practical matters, there is nothing which a woman needs that she cannot do for herself, while a man does not pass a moment in the day from the time he rises till he retires, that he is not under obligations to some woman.

"In every woman, even the best, there is a potentiality for fiendish crime, even her maternal love is dangerously near tusane ferocity, which is liable to break out in child murder." It is unnecessary to comment upon these statements. In the eyes of all right minded people they must stand out as glaring, cruel falsehoods.

"Marriage is constantly belittling to man."

Now let the gigantic array of men, both good and great, who have been helped, sustained, enabled, elevated, worked for, prayed for, and upborne by the faithful untiring wives, stand forth and make this woman blush for her foolish lie! "It is by no means improbable that man will be compelled to turn on her and chain her down into the impotancy of servitude once more." This is a consoling reflection for future posterity. Great men are born of mothers both good and wise. A slave would be fine material for the mother of a president! This unwomanly tirade seems to have been induced by a fit of jealous rage against Dumas. If his last book was better than hers, why does she not engage her eloquence in writing one better than his instead of flying in a passion and saying false and outrageous things about her sisters. If, instead of living in a morbid dreamland of her own, where all is feverish and unnatural, where her children are given to far-fetched heroics or sickly sentiment, she had lived the full life of a natural, healthful woman, with all its joys and sorrows; if she had been the faithful, loving comrade of a man, if she had been the mother of a man, if she had known from experience what it was to minister with her own hands to the wants of man, even to the getting of his meals, and the patching of his toil-stained garments, if she had done almost every kind of work, with a child in her arms, or her feet on the cradle, if she had known the dear soft clasp of her baby arms, or the wearying din of its cries, if she had watched the sick-bed and seen the coffin close on her very heart's blood! then she could write to the hearts instead of the prejudices of the people. Here are Ouida and Miss Mulock, both great female writers, but who, having read a book of each, will hesitate to say which is the large-hearted woman.

JANE COULTON FOSTER.

FROM AN OLD FRIEND.—After an absence of about two years I again ask admittance into the HOUSEHOLD. Some have inquired after me, asking why I have stopped writing to the dear old BLADE. I hardly know why myself. Sometimes (I think) in every person's life there comes a time when he or she aspires to a literary reputation. Thus it was with me. When about 17 years of age I became writing for papers, though but very little of my writing ever entered an editorial office. Very many were the letters I destroyed, if, on looking them over afterwards I found some little mistake in capitals, punctuation, or language, always being very careful to have my letters as nearly correct as possible. I was writing almost continually during a certain period of that year, in fact, cared to do but little else. Half finished stories, poems, etc., were stowed away in some secret place carefully hidden from the view of other members of the household. At certain times these stories, etc., would be brought from their hiding places, carefully improved upon and then stowed away again to be brought to light at some future time. But, alas, my zeal for writing soon dimimished, my stories were destroyed, and now I consider writing quite a task, indeed. Perhaps 'tis because occupied with other duties more important that I care so little about writing. I am now teaching school and seek to cultivate such qualities as will make a good and successful teacher, believing that if a person intends to follow a certain business he should apply himself to it continually. Many thanks to those who have inquired after me. At some future time I may write again.—IOWA BLONDE.

FALL WORK AMONG THE FLOWERS.—September and October are busy months for those who cultivate flowers. Seeds are to be gathered, dried, put in packets, labeled and stored safely away, the seeds of perennials sown and the young plants cared for so they may bloom next spring and in the early summer. Of these especially the pink, columbine, snapdragon, iberis or hardy candytuft, and lobelia cardinellis, do well if sown in the fall.

The herbaceous plants which bloom early in the summer are to be divided during a cool, cloudy day, or just before a shower, is best. Of this class are peonies, dielytra or bleeding heart, iris, flower de luce, and many others. Lillies, daffodils, and tulips, too, may now safely be transplanted. Besides all this work in the flower-garden, the house-plants must have their share of attention if we would retain some of the beauty and fragrance of summer while icy winter reigns without.

I like a long, narrow wooden box, which just fits the width of the window, for the sill, then pots or hanging baskets above. There is nothing prettier than a nice hanging basket filled with thrifty drooping plants.

Of these, I have had more pleasure from German or parlor ivy, Wandering Jew, Kenilworth ivy and the hardy ground ivy, than from many plants which cost much more. Then, too, it is so easy to care for a hanging basket in winter, as it does not dry out as in summer.

I hope those who have not yet received their seeds will be patient, as I answer their letters as fast as I can find time.—MRS. F. WRIGHT.

ABOUT THE DAUGHTERS.—Until to-day I have been a silent listener at the door of the HOUSEHOLD, and if you will only let me have my little say, then I will bid you adieu. I would speak of the government of our daughters. Now, mothers, how many of us take the right course in that matter? We are very too fond of telling them that their work is not as well done as ours. Wait till they have 30 years more of experience, and then compare the work. In an angry moment we say that, "only by close economy and calculation have you been made what you are. Why, child, you unground pepper and allspice, sometimes horse-radish, and a little salt. Heat your vinegar boiling hot and pour on. Put on a weight to press it down. Let stand a few days, then drain off your vinegar and heat again. In a few days it will be fit to eat.—AUNT GRAND-MA.

Pot Roast of Beef.—Get four or five pounds from the rump without bone. Use garlic, lengthwise cuts and lots of salt pork. Put in a broad pot and pour in a cup of boiling water. Cover tightly and let cook about two hours, turning once. During the last half hour baste several times. Then put the meat when done in a covered dish to keep warm while you cool the gravy by setting it in cold water. When the fat rises skim off every particle, return the gravy to the fire in a sauce-pan, thicken with browned flour, boil up and serve. Even the coarser pieces of meat may be made palatable by this mode of cooking.—E. B.

To Make Washing Easy.—First, you want enough soft water to boil your clothes, before you commence. Soak your white and all colored clothes that will stand boiling, over night. In the morning put your boiler on the stove, and for two pailsful of soft water put one tablespoonful of kerosene. Then dissolve your washings, but you must have enough water to cover your clothes. Then out about ½ of a bar of good soap in your water, put your clothes in and let them boil, stirring often. Now take out, with your wash-board rub out any dirty spots you can find, (but they will be scarce), then proceed as usual rinse and blue, and I will warrant your clothes will look just as white and clean as if you had worn your fingers all off and blistered your hands rubbing them clean. It may be some will not believe this. I didn't till I tried it. I want everybody else to, and report. You will look upon wash day as one of the pleasantest of the week.—ZINNIA.

The editor can vouch for the above if the directions are carried out, except that she has seen one tablespoonful of kerosene used for a single pail of water, and the soap was melted and poured into the boiler at the same time with the kerosene before the clothes were put in. These are minor differences, however, but the process is certainly a good one.—ED.

To Cure Cracks in Ball of Fingers or Thumb.—Take Castile soap the size of an egg, two tablespoonfuls ground ginger. Shave the soap fine, and with a little soft water mix soap and ginger to the consistency of paste; spread on the hands at night; sleep in gloves. A few applications will ease.

If "Massie" will pour her cider off, wash the barrel clean, then pour back and add a piece of white paper, and every few days pour off several gallons, then return it to the barrel, it will soon begin to ferment; but it must be perfectly clean, free from all sediment.—A. W. D.

For Headache.—Take bromide potassa 1 oz.; citric acid, 1 dehm.; soft water, 1 pt. Mix. Dose: 1 tablespoonful every two hours until relieved. I think if "Daisy" will try this she will find relief after the second or third dose.

Will some one please tell me if a dress yoke should extend only to the bust, or below?—IDA.

To Cure the Itch.—If "W. H. Sanders" will use: Lard, 4 ozs.; British oil, 2 ozs.; Venice turpentine, 2 ozs., and white precipitate, 1 oz., he will soon get over his itch. Warm the lard, but don't get it hot; then add the oils and powder, stirring well, till cool. I had it the worst way, and cured it in two or three weeks. Apply once a day for three days, and then wash well, putting on all clean clothes, also clean bed clothes, and then in three days apply again.

Will some one give a pattern for nappy insertion?—B. K. T., Henderson, Mich., Box 116.

Will some one please to tell me what ails my canaries? The feathers have all come off of their heads, and some of their heads are all raw. 2. What is the reason my birds don't sing, is it on account of the warm weather?—ALICE M. PENNINGTON.

Will some one send me the recipe for curling hair, the one with olive oil in it? I loaned my papers and they got destroyed by the house being burnt and thus lost the recipe. Is there a paper published by the name, Omaha *Weekly Bee*, if so, where must I address them?—E. E. T., Rockford, Minn.

Can any one in the HOUSEHOLD give directions for crocheting Horseshoe or Wall of Troy lace? I think they are very pretty but do not understand the abbreviations well enough to give them.—ELLA CROSSLAND, Taylorstown, Pa.

In the HOUSEHOLD of April 8 an item from "Master Mechanic's Wife" on darning and mending, said, if desired, she would give directions for fine darning. I have been watching for the request and reply as I would like them. Am in the shadows but wish to do for myself.—J.

Would you be kind enough to give me a recipe for coloring cotton goods brown, that will not fade?—MRS. L. CRANE, Ash Grove, Mo.

I would like to ask how to pickle pig's tongue, and how to make chicken dressing. Will the editor please tell me what is the name of the enclosed wild flowers?—MISS STUPID.

The flower did not make its appearance. —ED.

Will some of the members please send a nice, cheap way to make a card basket?—BLUE EYES.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE send directions for crocheted hood, and if directions are difficult, explain? Find no trouble in knitting most of the patterns, though I have been unable to learn the meaning of "picot.—MOGODA.

Will some of the members of the HOUSEHOLD be kind enough to press something for my memorial album? Address P. O. Box 111, Oxford, Sumner county, Kan.

Can not some one give "Subscriber" and me the desired information regarding citron?—P. SHAW.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE inform me where I could get a young lady to teach vocal and instrumental music, also painting in private family? Pupils will be three young ladies. The only remuneration will be good boarding. Delightful situation in the country. References required.—A. M. W.

Will some one please tell me how to make a christening robe with lace and insertion for trimming; also an afghan, to be used in summer, something that won't take all summer to make? I embroider and crochet a little, but I do all my own washing and ironing and sewing, so I don't have much time for fancy work. If any of the readers of the BLADE know of anything pretty for a baby, please answer this.—CECELIA.

Will some of the kind readers of the HOUSEHOLD please send a young reader a harmless cure for freckles and pimples?—ALLIE.

Will some farmer living in western W. T. correspond with me in regard to land and climate, as I would like to make a change? I will pay postage.—CHARLES BAECHLER, Grantville, Jefferson Co., Kan.

Answers to Inquiries.

A great many questions upon etiquette come to us each week, more than can be possibly answered. Most of them could be found in "Social Etiquette," which every reader of the HOUSEHOLD would do well to buy. Send $1 to the Locke Publishing Company, Toledo, O., and it will be sent to you, post-paid.—ED.

In answer to "A Friend's" question in regard to tubercses, I would reply that in the fall when you take them up, put the bulbs in a paper sack and hang in a warm, dry room. I hang mine in the dining-room, and when the warm weather comes on, hang them in a dry, cool place. The last of June put them in a pot of rich soil mixed with sharp sand, set them in a warm, sunny place and give them plenty of water, and you will have nice blooms in winter. The bulb must be three years old and of good size.—MRS. E. S. TUTHILL, Holdeu, Mo.

"L. C. J." asks in HOUSEHOLD department of the BLADE of September 1, about orphans' homes, or places for orphans to stay until pleasant homes may be found for them. If "L. C. J." knows of a bright, healthy orphan girl, from 10 to 14 years old, who wants a pleasant home, address—M. N., Box 74, Sweetwater, Monroe county, Tenn.

I saw in the BLADE a lady wishes to get the seed of "the time ground cherry." I raise them but never save any of the seed, unless some parties wish it. An old English lady, about 28 years ago, gave me one cherry, and I have continued to raise them ever since. The first year I carefully saved some of the seed, but since then I have not, as they always seed themselves. There is always enough left on the ground in the fall to produce plenty of plants the next spring. Now if any parties wish seed for next year and will forward to me by the first of September next, a prepaid, self-addressed envelope, I will send them seed of the real English ground cherry, enough to start them.—HENRY HELLEMS, Port Austin, Huron county, Mich.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me what will exterminate roaches? Any reply will be thankfully received.—T. A. S.

The insect powder, which can be bought at any drug store, scattered around the places most infested, will drive them away for a season, when it must be done again. A statement was made recently that cucumber peelings thrown upon the floor where the roaches most do congregate would attract them in myriads and they can be killed. If repeated, even the tiny ones can be put out of existence in the same way. The writer vouches for the effectiveness of this remedy.—ED.

Will some one tell me if there is a school where a lady can learn midwifery and nursing and what would the tuition be? What would be a pretty name for my baby boy, not a common name? Does Emily S. Bouton's book give directions for nursing infants or raising children?—A WIDOW.

There are regular training schools for nurses connected with the hospitals in most large cities. Address "Training School for Nurses," in Cincinnati, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York or Boston and ask for information and it will be given.

The book "Health and Beauty" contains general directions about nursing and the preservation of the health, with many things that every woman ought to know, and by sending $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., you will get one.—ED.

Please give me a short description of the life of Horace Mann, and oblige, NELLIE.

Born at Franklin, Mass., May 4, 1796. Graduated at Brown University in 1819. Taught several years, then was elected a member of the State Legislature. Went to Congress in 1848. In 1853 became President of Antioch College, O., and died in 1859. Was celebrated as an educator and a writer.—ED.

Will the editor of the HOUSEHOLD please inform me through your next paper how to direct a letter when sending for Miss Bouton's book? I would like very much to have one. Also, would postage stamps be the same as money?—MRS. KNICKWOOD.

Address Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O. Stamps are the same as money.—ED.

Recipes.

Dried Crab Apple Pie.—When the apples are cut for drying, a part of the skin should be left on. Line a pie tin with crust, and put into it 1 teacupful of white sugar, mix with it 1 tablespoonful of flour, rounded a little; add 1 teacupful of dried crab apples, 1 of water, and a few bits of butter. Put on top crust and bake. This is a good substitute for dried cherry pie.—N. M. SHERBURNE, N. Y.

Ripe Cucumber Pickle.—Slice ripe cucumbers lengthwise and sprinkle with salt, then pour on boiling water and let them stand until cool, strain, then boil ten minutes in 1 quart vinegar and 2 quarts water, drain again and pour the following over them, boiling hot: 1 quart vinegar to 9 pounds cucumbers, and ¼ pound sugar to each pound; cinnamon and cloves to taste. —N. M. SHERBURNE, N. Y.

Pickled Cabbage.—As A. T. Watts wants a recipe for pickling cabbage, I will send mine. Choose solid heads, those not very large are best. Cut in pieces suitable to put on a plate, pack in a crock, spice with anything you like. I use unground pepper and allspice, sometimes horse-radish, and a little salt. Heat your vinegar boiling hot and pour on. Put on a weight to press it down. Let stand a few days, then drain off your vinegar and heat again. In a few days it will be fit to eat.—AUNT GRAND-MA.

For Roast of Beef.—Get four or five pounds from the rump without bone. Use garlic lengthwise cuts and lots of salt pork. Put in a broad pot and pour in a cup of boiling water. Cover tightly and let cook about two hours, turning once. During the last half hour baste several times. Then put the meat when done in a covered dish to keep warm while you cool the gravy by setting it in cold water. When the fat rises skim off every particle, return the gravy to the fire in a sauce-pan, thicken with browned flour, boil up and serve. Even the coarser pieces of meat may be made palatable by this mode of cooking.—E. B.

To Make Washing Easy.—First, you want enough soft water to boil your clothes, before you commence. Soak your white and all colored clothes that will stand boiling, over night. In the morning put your boiler on the stove, and for two pailsful of soft water put one tablespoonful of kerosene. Then dissolve your washings, but you must have enough water to cover your clothes. Then out about ½ of a bar of good soap in your water, put your clothes in and let them boil, stirring often. Now take out, with your wash-board rub out any dirty spots you can find, (but they will be scarce), then proceed as usual rinse and blue, and I will warrant your clothes will look just as white and clean as if you had worn your fingers all off and blistered your hands rubbing them clean. It may be some will not believe this. I didn't till I tried it. I want everybody else to, and report. You will look upon wash day as one of the pleasantest of the week.—ZINNIA.

The editor can vouch for the above if the directions are carried out, except that she has seen one tablespoonful of kerosene used for a single pail of water, and the soap was melted and poured into the boiler at the same time with the kerosene before the clothes were put in. These are minor differences, however, but the process is certainly a good one.—ED.

To Cure Cracks in Ball of Fingers or Thumb.—Take Castile soap the size of an egg, two tablespoonfuls ground ginger. Shave the soap fine, and with a little soft water mix soap and ginger to the consistency of paste; spread on the hands at night; sleep in gloves. A few applications will ease.

If "Massie" will pour her cider off, wash the barrel clean, then pour back and add a piece of white paper, and every few days pour off several gallons, then return it to the barrel, it will soon begin to ferment; but it must be perfectly clean, free from all sediment.—A. W. D.

For Headache.—Take bromide potassa 1 oz.; citric acid, 1 dehm.; soft water, 1 pt. Mix. Dose: 1 tablespoonful every two hours until relieved. I think if "Daisy" will try this she will find relief after the second or third dose.

Will some one please tell me if a dress yoke should extend only to the bust, or below?—IDA.

To Cure the Itch.—If "W. H. Sanders" will use: Lard, 4 ozs.; British oil, 2 ozs.; Venice turpentine, 2 ozs., and white precipitate, 1 oz., he will soon get over his itch. Warm the lard, but don't get it hot; then add the oils and powder, stirring well, till cool. I had it the worst way, and cured it in two or three weeks. Apply once a day for three days, and then wash well, putting on all clean clothes, also clean bed clothes, and then in three days apply again.

Will some one give a pattern for nappy insertion?—B. K. T., Henderson, Mich., Box 116.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

GALENA, ILL.	BARRE, N. Y.	CAMBRIDGE, ILL.
Herbert Hallett	Daisy A. Atwell	Alice Caldwell
Albert Hallett	Mabel Morgan	Eddie Caldwell
Willie Roberts	Hattie M Burch	Axel Ruitquist
Frank May	Alda D Grinnell	Mary Tulbert
Eugene Lockley	Ethel Fluent	Arthur Whipple
Willie Gale	Georgy A Pole	Virginia Barlow
William R Hurst	Jessie D Allen	Jennie Church
Robert Evans	Willie Allen	Eddie Hagin
Charlie Pogue	Myrta Allen	Emily Wallins
Oscar Liddell	Mary G Leach	Joseph Westerberg
Geo Roddewig	Warren J Hatch	Frank Foster
Henry Roddewig	Maud Starr	Lettie Hull
Rich'd McManus	Edith Genung	Elda Rosenquest
Hugh Smith	Alan Genung	Sara Werbach
Frank R Oliver	Rose I Dann	Emma Hull
Bertha Hallett	Jerry Hubbard	Oscar Hulin
Willie Cogan	Addie Hubbard	Chas Eaton
Ada M Smith	Maud Nicholson	Eddie Hull
GRAND RAPIDS, O.	Roy Nicholson	Grace Vaughan
Grace Rowland	Nay Dy—	Theodosia Sherlock
Myrtle Watson	Jodie Tent	Hattie Anderson
Rose Megginson	Edward S Kates	Charley Boyd
Henry Winkle	Roy Keefe	Valentine
Grace Marley	Lizzie Nicholson	Bessie King
Jessie Kerr	Frankie Mckay	Earl Kinsey
Willie Cogan	Lizzie Lee	George Bessor
Walden Laskey	Alice Gillett	Willie Nelson
Ernest Stocking	Ida A Ingleshe	HENRY, ILL.
M Williamson	Elva Salisbury	Nellie Scully
Tera Malley	Jessie Wells	Jennie Scully
Lillie Heller	Ethie Smith	Willie Clark
Iona Showers	Frank Lindell	Eddie Clark
Zada Brown	Amos D Root	Mallie Stringer
Jessie Brown	Leah H Stockton	Angie Stringer
Mary Bondy	Mate Johnson	Ada Strieker
Edna Carroll	Alice Kates	Mallie Strieker
Charlie Walters	Elmer S Bigelow	Ollie McLain
SOUTH HAVEN, KAN.	Frank D Webster	Ethel McLain
	SALEM, DAK.	Arthur Nichols
Flora Robinson	Della E Nye	George Bassett
Rose Robinson	A M Crowhurst	Grace Soften
B Robinson	Mary Fawcett	Frank Smith
Winnie Robinson	Eva L Leonard	Ida Smith
Claude Robinson	Lora M Bradlee	C W Ashland
Nora Walling	Ella I Crowhurst	C E Smith
Frank Walling	Cora A Allis	Peter Harrington
Alice Eckart	Virginia Keve	Chas Dougherty
Charley Eckart	Eva I Richards	Arthur Sheldon
Eddie Eckart	Mary Preston	Ann Blackburn
Minnie Chenoweth	Mary A Ballance	Willie Blackburn
Jay Chenoweth	Rachel Ballance	Charlie Blackburn
Asa Chenoweth	Mary V Ware	Harry Blackburn
Joe Chenoweth	Mamie E Simpson	Clarence Brown
Johnny Dunbar	Jessie H Crandall	Bloomingdale, WIS.
Elsworth Butcher	Gertie A Pierce	Herbert Crooks
Frank Butcher	Rosa Muldoon	Arthur Crooks
Willie Eckart	L M Crowhurst	Willie Crooks
Charley Lockman	Carrie Ostenberg	Caryl Wilson
Burt Lockman	Ida M Gapp	Arthur Wilson
Hollis Lockman	Rachel Randall	Ernest Leonard
Barbara M'Clintock	Willie H Caton	Emmet Shew
Nellie Fisher	Harry A Gould	Carrie Atkins
Nellie Slate	Geo Gapp	Charlie Atkins
Hiram Frazier	Bennie F Nye	Minnie Dovee
Bennie Clark	Gilbert Loregory	Ray Linse
Willie Gowan	L H Crowhurst	Frank Lederon
Lizzie Heizer	Claude Ware	Eddie Gowran
John Cooper	Floyd D Headlee	Frank Atkins
Minnie Lockman	Ida Ostenberg	Charlie Atkins
FREEPORT, CAL.	Albert Gapp	TUTELO, ALA.
Lizzie Kirtlan	Richie Ostenberg	Jas Card
Willie Bayles	Minnie Ostenberg	Bessie Card
Florence M Beach	VAN BUREN, PA.	Sam Card
Nellie I Beach	Frank E Buckley	VANDERBILT, MICH
Sallie V Sayers	Sallie A Buckley	Ida Van Fyle
Dora Myers	Fred G Simpson	William Bundle
Maggie Kirtlen	Robt B Legate	Bertha Van Fyle
Sallie Sayers	Edith L Fowlston	Goo Bing
Ethel Gossling	Millie Fallcon	Willie Bing
Ida M Fisher	Charlie Johnson	John Brown
Walter Fisch	Dora Johnson	Charles Brown
Edgar Gossling	Mary F Boyles	WN Menzies
Eayrs Gosling	Blanche B Boyles	Johnnie Loree
Charley Carter	Edith L Fowlston	Chas M Menzies

Names this week, 333. Total, 13,388.

THE LITTLE MISCHIEF.

Only a wee little mortal,
Asleep on the nursery floor,
With a pile of neglected playthings,
Which litter the whole thing o'er.
Two little fat arms lying
Over a curly head,
And smiles which awaken the dimples,
Parting the lips so red.

Here's dolly with arms and legs broken,
And a terrible crack on her head,
And her cheeks washed white as a lily,
That once were so cherry and red.
Poor Fido, the puppy, is whining;
Poor fellow, no wonder you wail!
I wonder what mischievous fingers
Fastened that cup to your tail?

It was only that wee little mortal,
Asleep on the nursery floor;
And nurse stands aghast at the litter
Which covers the whole room o'er.
Well, pick them up patiently, nurse,
Over and over again,
E'en though that bundle of mischief
Will make all your labor but vain.

Better a home with a baby,
And a floor all littered with toys,
Than one that is empty forever
Of childish prattle and noise.
So here's a kiss for the darling!
On forehead, mouth and chin,
And wherever I find a dimple
I'll smuggle the kisses in.

For the Young Folks.

BIRDIE'S DONATION.

E. W. BRIDGMAN.

This story is about a little girl. Her name was Birdie. She was no fairy or princess. She did not have yellow hair or blue eyes. She was a little envious. This girl with hair the color of a ripe chesnut and ey

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

COLIC.—Can you tell me through the FARM of anything to prevent my horse from having the wind colic?—J. H. M., Pawnee City, Neb. [Examine your horse's mouth and teeth to see if they are all right. If they are not in good condition they must be made so. At all events, give the animal a mild laxative, as, linseed oil, 16 ounces; oil of aniseed, 2 drachms; spirits of sweet nitre, 2 ounces. This will prepare the system for further treatment. After this has operated, administer bicarbonate of soda, half an ounce; powdered gentian, half an ounce; powdered nux vomica, 20 grains. For one dose twice daily. As colic is a spasmodic contraction of the muscular coats of the intestines, those things which cause it must be avoided, such as improper food, sudden changes of diet, overwork, drinking cold water when heated, etc. Worms also cause colic. Careful grooming, regular feeding and keeping the horse out of the direct draught of the air, after giving the medicine above mentioned, may prevent the recurrence of the colic; but as some animals are more predisposed to it than others, it is best to have proper remedies on hand, to be used at once when the attack comes. Have a druggist prepare this: chloroform, 1 ounce; laudanum, 1 ounce; sulphuric ether, 1 ounce; linseed oil, 8 ounces. For one dose. —ED.]

BREATHES HARD AND LOUD.—I have a valuable mare which has had the lung fever, and since her recovery every time the weather changes she breathes loud and hard. What is the trouble and what can I do for her?—CARMEL APPLETON CITY, Mo. [Give to her: Powdered gentian, 1 drachm; extract of belladonna, 1 drachm; arsenic, 8 grains. For one ball, to be given once daily for a week. Do not rein the horse tightly. Give easily digested food, in small quantities at a time, and as little water as possible. Always let the horse rest an hour after feeding.—ED.]

DRY COUGH.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my horses and what will cure them? Commenced last spring with a dry cough and running at the nose and short of breath, no appetite, water out of order, eyes dull and watery, and still cough, and when they drink water runs out of nose.—J. MASSILL, Ames, KAS. [The cough is, no doubt, the result of lingering catarrh. Give every night one of the following powders in a bran mash: Sulphate of copper, digetalis, pulverized squills, nitre and camphor, of each one ounce. Make into ten powders. Green food should be given quite often, such as potatoes and turnips. Be careful not to give hay that has the least mold about it. A very slight dampening (not wetting) of the oats and hay is essential.—ED.]

To those wishing questions answered in the Farm department of the BLADE: Do not write on both sides of the sheet of paper. The editor cannot undertake to copy communications, which must be done to prepare them for the printer, if written on both sides.—ED.

LAME COLT.—I have a 3-year-old colt that is lame in front foot. Had an experienced veterinary surgeon treat it, blister, etc., but that did not help it. There is no swelling or fever at joint that would indicate a spavin. Has been lame three months.—J. M., Canal Fulton, O. [What are the symptoms? Does the fore foot point? Does he extend the fore-arm and bend the knee? Is the fore-foot pushed back beneath the chest? Does he nod while moving? Does his foot swing in half circle, or does he bring down his foot at once? It is necessary to know how he acts while moving, otherwise a personal examination would be necessary. Examine his feet for corns.—ED.]

LICE.—I have a mare that I think has got some chicken lice on her. Will you please give me a remedy for them? She rubs herself on the neck and hips, and her mane is kind of dirty and neck is full of branny looking stuff. What is the best to wash the harness and brush with carbolic acid and water, (1 of the acid to 20 of water). Then take of calomel, 1 drachm, fresh lime water 20 ounces. Sponge the animal with this several times.—ED.]

MESMERUS.—J. B. McJ., Kansas.—Your horse failing as he does is evidently troubled with megrims. Over-work, too high living, badly fitting collar, worms, local irritation, hereditary tendency, etc., cause the disease. We advise you to first give a vermifuge, as, calomel, one drachm; oil of male birn, one drachm; aloes, one drachm; ginger, four drachms. After a week's time, commence with, sulphate of iron, 1 drachm; linseed meal, three ounce. Make into a ball and give twice a day for a week.—ED.]

WHERE ARE THEY PUBLISHED?—Where and by whom is one of the poultry papers published? Also one of the best dairy papers published?—W. R. OSMUN, Brownsville, O. [National Poultry and Pet, Toledo, O. Bete is dead, or was, a paper called the American Dairyman, and Butter and Cheese and Egg Reporter, published at 34 Park Row, New York. Write for specimen copy of it.—ED.]

LOSS SWELL.—Last spring my horse had the distemper, and since that time his hind legs swell badly, even if he only stands in the stable over night. One hour's driving and it will be all gone. It is getting worse. Have tried condition powder. Horse works and eats well; is in good order, and seems to be in excellent health. Any information you will give to cure him will be gratefully received by a constant reader of your valuable paper.—R. L. H., Dexter. [Give your horse gentle exercise; good grooming, and keep in the stable. Make this diuretic bolus every other night: Venice turpentine, three ounces; oil of juniper, two drachms; powdered resin, nine ounces; nitre, six ounces; hard dried soap, six ounces. Mix the resin, soap and turpentine together, and when cooling, stir in the juniper and nitre. For 1 bolus. Give one or two for a dose, every other night. Give also half a drachm of nitrate of iron and ammonia, three times a day, either dissolved in the drinking water or sprinkled on the corn or oats.—ED.]

Improving Old Current Bushes.

A recent number of the *American Agriculturist* contains the following:

Two years ago, writes one of our correspondents from Wisconsin, I secured an old garden. Along one side of it there was a row of stunted current bushes, the life of which had been nearly choked out by the grass in which they stood. The leaves were covered with worms, and they presented a sorry appearance. At first I thought I would dig them up and plant new ones. An examination of the roots, however, showed that they were comparatively healthy, and I concluded to cut the tops back, clean out about them, and see what good cultivation would do towards reclaiming them. I had the ground spaded up, turning the sod under, and gave the soil a good top-dressing of manure, digging in a quantity about each plant. I cut off all the tops and waited for development. Very soon sprouts made their appearance from each bunch of roots, and of these I selected four or five of the best, and kept all others pinched off during the season. They made a vigorous growth. I also allowed the hens to run among the bushes, and they proved better than hellebore in keeping the worms away. That fall I spread a lot of litter about the plants, and this spring I dug it in about them, and have given the ground among the bushes a liberal coating of chip dirt from the wood yard. I allow the hens to wallow in it, believing that they will pick up all the larvæ that may be lurking there. The plants have blossomed wonderfully, and every stem is heavily set with fruit. I except a good crop—something I could not have had this year from plants started last spring. Old bushes can be rejuvenated, after years of neglect, by a little care and cultivation, I am convinced, and there need be no depredations by currant worm if you will give the hens the run of the bushes. Scatter food there to induce them to scratch up the ground, and in doing this they will find every worm and save the foliage.

Sunflower Culture.

I desire to call the attention of your readers to the value of sunflowers to every cultivator of the soil, especially to poultrymen. Considering its value, the sunflower is the most neglected plant in this country. It is a plant that will thrive almost anywhere, and on any soil that will produce beans. After a long and successful experience in its culture, I am satisfied that the sunflower is a most useful plant and may be utilized in several ways. As a food for fowls, it has no superior or even equal, adding great brilliancy to the plumage and promoting vigor and health. For feeding live stock also it will produce very satisfactory results.

This plant is of great value in purifying the air in localities where malaria abounds. It is entirely exempt from the attacks of noxious insects. When thoroughly dried, the stalks make the best and cheapest kindling wood in such districts as Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota, where fuel is scarce and dear. As to some sections in the above states, sunflowers are grown by the acre for the purpose of fuel. In Europe, especially in Russia, the manufacture of oil from sunflower seed is a leading industry.

The culture of the sunflower is the same as that of corn, except the plants should be 18 inches apart in the row. No plant will respond to thorough cultivation with greater profit than the sunflower. It matures in this latitude in 75 to 85 days. I grow the mammoth Russian variety, and consider it the most hardy, productive and profitable, and at the same time the earliest to mature. This variety originated in central Russia, and was introduced into this country eight years ago by the Russian Mennonites. This variety has stalks 6 to 8 feet in height, and one to two inches in diameter, with heads as large in diameter as a water pail. Some specimens grow even larger, with large gray seeds, providing they are thoroughly cultivated. —W. I. COOK, Castile, N. Y., in *American Cultivator*.

Angora Goats.

The American Mohair Growers' association, organized at Fort Worth, Texas, last February, will hold its first annual meeting at San Antonio, Texas, Monday, October 4, next. The establishment of an Angora Goat Breeders' Register is to be considered.

Angora goats were introduced into California in 1848, and great raising has attained the greatest development there. For the production of flocks, they have usually been bred on the common goat, as the Merinos have been crossed on the coarse-wooled Mexican sheep. There is a considerable demand for mohair; but the industry here is in an experimental stage, and has varying fortunes. An establishment in California for making robes, mats, gloves and whip lashes often uses 50,000 goat skins in a year—half-bred or high-bred Angoras. Considerable interest is taken in Nevada in raising Angoras for peat, skin and wool, and there are several large flocks in the territory. They are as a rule the offspring of common goats with bucks from California. We have an account of a flock of 2,912 head, consisting of 1,800 ewes, valued at $2.24 per head; 600 wethers, $2.75 per head; 500 kids, $2.25 per head; and 12 bucks, $16.50 per head. Though Texas has started the association, the Angora goat business there is of later introduction; but it is developing rapidly. There are a number of flocks now of 1,000 head each, but there, as elsewhere, the business is very fluctuating. There are also some considerable flocks in the Carolinas, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arizona, and smaller "bunches" in other States.

The present prices of mohair in this market ranges as follows: Choice, 55 cents; superior, 45 cents; fair, 42 cents; ordinary, 40 cents; inferior, from 30 to 35 cents. At the Cape of Good Hope, where Angora keeping is an extensive industry, the animals are clipped twice a year; but in this country they are shorn only once—early in the spring. A flock of Angora wethers from two to six years old, if kept fat the year round, would yield fleeces of five to six pounds; but breeding ewes would not give over four pounds.—*Rural New Yorker*.

Full-Blood and Thoroughbred.

In popular language the terms are synonymous. When used in reference to horses, there is a well-defined difference between them, which it would argue ignorance to neglect. Some writers seek to establish a difference also, when they are used in relation to sheep, and in this way: A full-blood is one in whose veins there is no blood save or stain of any other blood but the Spanish, while a thoroughbred is all that and something more. A sheep may be a full-blood (pure-blood would be a better term), and yet be so deficient in form or fleece, as to be unfit for a breeder. But a thoroughbred is the outcome of a long lines of ancestors, which, beginning with pure blood, have been so consummately molded by man to a special purpose, that this last finished product is, so to speak, incapable of begetting or bearing a progeny different from itself. While these ought to be, and with accurate men are the definitions of the two terms, in popular usage they are not, and are constantly misapplied.

All lions, all tigers, all animals in a state of nature have full-bloods, pure bloods, average types of their respective races; but not all of them are thoroughbreds; that is, not all of them are so even in all their qualities, and so sound in their constitutions, as to be able to produce progeny up to the level of the race-standard. They are weeded out by the natural selection; they are ill-formed, or weak, or lacking in cunning, and they perish in the struggle of life, leaving the best individuals behind to perpetuate the race. Under a state of domestication in which man seeks to preserve all the individuals, good and poor, he must himself conduct this selection of his breeders.—*American Agriculturist for October*.

How Vegetables are Wintered

Only a few vegetables can be wintered out doors in the North without protection. Turnips are among the exceptions. Vegetables which the winter does not destroy, and except for use while the ground is frozen, may be left in the soil. Salsify or vegetable oyster is of similar nature, but beets, turnips, and carrots will not stand excessive cold; to retain the fresh crisp state, they should be taken up as late as possible, and placed in a cool cellar or in pits with earth and straw enough over them to prevent freezing. The latter is the method most in vogue with market gardeners, who usually know how best to present their vegetables in the finest condition. Artificial heat in any form will spoil the flavor of vegetables generally. The sweet potato is an exception, and will rot in a temperature below 50°, while dryness does not injure it. Cabbages may be pulled up roots and all, turned upside down, the heads packed together in beds six feet in width, and the ground between the rows thrown over the heads. In extremely severe weather, they cannot be reached, and enough must be left in the cold root cellar for winter use. Onions require a dry barn or stable loft, and should not be packed more than eight to ten inches deep, with a foot of straw over them to keep out frost. In the cellar, or barn, no fire protection may be necessary. For family use a string can be kept hung up in any part of the cellar. Onions will stand 20° of frost without injury if dry. Celery is best when taken from the open ground, but should be taken up and placed close together in beds of earth, and both over all to keep from freezing. Winter squashes require a dry place free from frost.

A Wholesome and Palatable Pickle.

The "sour cucumber" of the Germans is a celebrated national delicacy, and we find that the majority of Americans also take a fancy to it on first acquaintance. This pickle is free from every quality which often makes other pickles objectionable. It is cool and harmless, being made without strong condiments and without vinegar, which is apt to consist merely in a dilution of poisonous acid.

Our friends who wish to try this delicious pickle may select large cucumbers, soak them 24 hours in water, washing them clean before laying down. Then put a layer of grape leaves (or cabbage leaves) in the bottom of the pickle tub, a layer of cucumbers upon these, another layer of leaves, etc., until the cucumbers are all laid down. Many people like the flavor of dill, any may mix a few stalks of this plant among the pickles. These should be weighted down with a piece of board and a stone upon it. Then pour weak brine upon the pickles, using a coffee-cup full of salt to two gallons of water. Have liquid enough to keep the cucumbers covered. Stand the tub in a warm place, either in the kitchen or out doors in the sun. The pickles will be fit for use in two weeks time or less. Take out the brine, wash, peel, slice and serve. Try them.—*Orchard and Garden*.

Good Threshing.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—A. B. Marshall & Co. threshed for Jas. Hedge, 96 acres—threshed 3,134 bushels of wheat, asks from not less than three or four bushels per acre, while cutting from wheat too ripe. They threshed for Tom Caruthers one forenoon, quitting promptly at 12 o'clock, 706 bushels out of shock or bearded wheat; also 767 bushels for Eli Walters one afternoon, commencing at 1 o'clock and quitting at sundown. The best run for one minute was 1,200 bushels. They threshed 13½ days, including stops and moves, and threshed 12,400 bushels.—HENRY R. FERRIS, Franklin, Tenn.

Do Not Neglect Him.

This is a time when the stallion coming off his season is apt to receive very careless and altogether neglectful treatment. A great many of the owners of single horses are apt to remark, "Well, his season is done; we must keep him alive, that's all." There could not be a bigger mistake made. The horse, though lowered in flesh a little, should always be kept in fair condition, so as not to lose heart. If a stallion is well kept in winter, he will be easily got into condition, and that without risk, in the summer.—*English Live Stock Journal*.

St. Paul's Ice Palace.

St. Faul had its ice palace. Minneapolis has its exposition, which is a success. The Elkhart Carriage and Harness Company, Elkhart, Indiana, show their Spring Wagon prince $55, Top Buggy, $90; best Farm Harness, $23.50; Single Harness $10 to $20. This company sell directly to the consumer at wholesale prices and ship anywhere with privilege to examine before buying. See their advertisement in another column and send for 64 page catalogue, mailed free.

J. Frank Burden, a business man of Metropholis, Ill., was shot and killed by Caleb Jones, Tuesday. Burden had recently married Jones' divorced wife, and an old feud between the men, being intensified by this, finally culminated in the murder. Jones said after the shooting that a great load was off his mind.

TALMAGE ON THREE GREAT SINS.

The Crime of Blasphemy, the Great Evil of Drunkenness, the Social Impurity of the Great Cities—Three Growing Iniquities.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 3.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for his text the first verse of the sixty-eighth psalm: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered," from weich he preached the following sermon:

A procession was formed to carry the ark or sacred box which, though only three feet, nine inches in length, and four feet, three inches in hight and depth, was the symbol of God's presence. As the leaders of the procession lifted this ornamented and brilliant box by two golden poles run through four golden rings, and started for Mount Zion, all the people chanted the battle hymn of my text: "Let God arise; let his enemies be scattered."

The Cameronians, of Scotland, outraged by James the First, who forced upon them religious forms that were offensive, and by the terrible persecution of Drummond, Dalziel, and Turner, and by the oppressive laws of Charles the First and Charles the Second, were driven to proclaim war against tyrants, and went forth to fight for religious liberty; and the mountain heather became red with carnage, and at Bothwell Bridge and Aird's Moss and Drumclog the battle hymn and the battle shout of those glorious old Scotchmen was the text I have chosen: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

What a whirlwind of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how, with his soldier's name, "the Ironsides," he went from victory to victory. Opposing armies melted as he looked at them. Parliament as easily as a schoolmaster a school. He pointed his finger at Berkeley Castle, and it was taken. He ordered Lord Hopton, the General, to dismount, and he dismounted. See Cromwell marching on with his army, and hear the battle cry of "the Ironsides," loud as a storm and solemn as a death knell, standards reeling before it, and cavalry horses going back on their haunches, and armies flying at Marston Moor, at Wincepy Field, at Naseby, at Bridgewater and Dartmouth—"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

So you see my text is not like a complimentary and tasselled sword that you sometimes see hung up in a parlor, a sword that was never in battle and only to be used on general training day, but more like some weapon carefully hung up in your home, telling its story of Chapultepec, Cerro Gordo, and Cherubusco, and Thatcher's Run, and Malvern Hill; for my text hangs in the Scripture armory telling the holy wars of three thousand years in which it has been carried, but as keen and mighty as when David first unsheathed it. It seems to me what in the Church of God, and in all styes of reformatory work we most need now is a battle-cry. We raise our little standard and put on it the name of some man who only a few years ago began to live, and in a few years will cease to live. We go into contest against the armies of iniquity depending too much on human agencies. We use for a battle-cry the name of some brave Christian reformer, but after awhile that reformer dies, or gets old, or loses his courage, and then we take another battle-cry, and this time, perhaps, we put the the name of some one who plays Arnold and sells out to the enemy. What we want for a battle-cry is the name of some leader who will never betray us, and will never surrender, and will never die.

All respect have I for brave men and women, but if we are going to get the victory all along the line we must put God first. We must take the first of the Old Testaments, who wiped out the Bedouin Arabs, commonly called Midianites. These Gideonites had a glorious leader in Gideon, but what was the battle cry with which they flung their enemies into the worst defeat into which any army was ever tumbled? It was "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Put God first, and Gideon in the second. If the army of the American revolution are to free America, it must be "the sword of the Lord and of Washington." If the Germans want to win the day at Sedan, it must be "the sword of the Lord and Von Moltke." Waterloo was won for the English, because not only the armed men at the front but the churches up in the cathedrals at the rear were crying, "The sword of the Lord and Wellington." The Methodists have gone in triumph across nation after nation with the cry: "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley." The Presbyterians have fought from victory to victory with the cry: "The sword of the Lord and of John Knox." The Baptists have conquered millions after millions for Christ with the cry: "The sword of the Lord and of Judson." The American Episcopalians have won their mighty way with the cry: "The sword of the Lord and of Bishop McIlvaine." The victory is to those who put God first. But as we want a battle cry suited to all sects of religionists, and to all lands, I nominate as the battle cry of Christendom in the approaching Armageddon the words of my text, wonderful before it was carried to Mount Zion: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

As far as our finite mind can judge, it seems about time for God to rise. Does it not seem to you that the abominations of this earth have gone far enough? Was there ever a time when sin was so defiant? Was there ever so many fists lifted toward God, telling him to come on if he dare? Look at the blasphemy abroad! What towering profanity! Would it be possible for anyone to calculate the number of times that the name of Almighty God and of Jesus Christ are every day taken irreverently and in vain? So common has blasphemy become that the public mind and public ear have got used to it, and a blasphemer goes up and down this country in his lectures defying the plain law against blasphemy, and there is not a mayor in America that has backbone enough to interfere with him to save one, and that the mayor of Boston. Profane swearing is as much forbidden by the law as theft, or arson, or murder; yet who executes it? Profanity is worse than theft, or arson, or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity, that is an attack on God.

This country is pre-eminent for blasphemy. A man traveling in Russia was supposed to be a cleryman. "Why do you take me to be a clergyman?" said the man. "Oh," said the Russian, "all other Americans swear." The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows that He thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. A few summers ago, among the Adirondacks, I met the funeral procession of a man who two days before, had fallen under a flash of lightning while boasting after a Sunday of work in the fields that he had cheated God out of a day, anyhow, and the minister who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid under the same flash. On the road from Margate to Ramsgate, England, you may find a rough monument with the inscription: "A boy was struck dead here while in the act of swearing." Years ago in a Pittsburg prison, two men were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, applied to Jesus Christ a very low and villainous epithet, and as he was uttering it he fell. A physician was called, but no help could be given. After a day, lying with dilated pupils and palsied tongue, he passed out of this world. In a cemetery in Sullivan county, this State, are eight headstones in a line and all alike, and these are the facts: In 1861 diphtheria raged in the village, and a physician was remarkably successful in curing his patients. So confident did he become that he boasted that no case of diphtheria could stand before him, and finally defied Almighty God to produce a case of diphtheria that he could not cure. His youngest child soon after took the disease and died, and one child after another, until all the eight had died of diphtheria. The blasphemer challenged Almighty God, and God accepted the challenge.

But I come later down and give you a fact that is proved by scores of witnesses. This last August of 1886 a man got provoked at the continued drought and the ruin of his crops, and in the presence of his neighbors he cursed God, saying that he would cut His heart out if His would come, calling Him a liar and a coward, and flashing a knife. And while he was speaking his lower jaw dropped, smoke issued from his mouth and nostrils, and the heat of his body was so intense it drove back those who would come near. Scores of people have visited the scene and saw the blasphemer in awful process of expiring.

Do you think that because God has been silent in your case, O, profane swearer! that He is dead. Is there nothing now in the peculiar feeling of your tongue, or nothing in the numbness of your brain that indicates that God may come to avenge your blasphemies, or is steady avenging them? But these cases I have noticed, I believe, are only a few cases where there are hundreds. Families keep them still to avoid the horrible conspicuity.

Physicians suppress them through professional confidence. It is a very, very, very long roll that contains the names of those who died with blasphemies on their lips; and still the crime rolls on, up through parlors, up through chandeliers with lights all ablaze, and through the pictured corridors of club-rooms, etc., out through busy exchanges where oath meets oath, and down through all the haunts of sin, mingling with the rattling dice and cracking billiard balls, and the laughter of her who has forgotten the covenant of her God, and round the city, and round the continent, and round the earth, a seething, boiling surge, flings its hot spray into the face of a long-suffering God. And the ship captain damns his crew, and the merchant damns his clerks, and the master builder damns his men, and the hack driver damns his horse; and the traveler damns the stone that bruises his foot, or the mud that soils his shoes, or the defective time-piece that gets him too late to the rail train. I arraign profane swearing and blasphemy, two names for the same thing, as being one of the gigantic crimes of this land, and for its extirpation it does seem as if it were about time for God to arise.

Then look a moment at the evil of drunkenness. Whether you live in Brooklyn, or New York, or Chicago, or Cincinnati, or Savannah, or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons on that street as compared with the saloons five years ago, and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of the population. You people who are so precise and particular lest there should be some imprudence or rashness in attacking the rum traffic, will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drunk, or your daughter will come home with her children because her husband has by strong drink been turned into a demoniac. The rum fiend has despoiled whole streets of good homes in all our cities. Fathear, brothers, sons, on the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten tighter the victims! Stir up the flames! Pile on the corpses! More men, more women, and children for the sacrifice! Let us have whole generations on fire of evil habit; and at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, let all the people fall down and worship King Alcohol, or you shall be cast into the fiery furnace under some political platform!

Under this evil as the fratricide, the matricide, the uxoricide, the regicide of the century. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcoholism deceives the people! It is a "cordial." It is "bitters." It is an "eye-opener." It is an "appetizer." It is a "digester." It is an "invigorator." It is a "setter." It is a "night-cap." Why don't they put on the right labels—"Essence of Perdition," "Conscience Stupefier," "Five Drachms of Heartache," "Tears of Orphanage," "Blood of Souls," "Scabs of an Eternal Leprosy," "Venom of the Worm that Never Dies?" Only once in a while is there anything in the title of this poison even hint their atrocity, as in the case of sour mash. That I see advertised all over. It is an honest name, and any one can understand it. Sour mash! That is, it makes a man's disposition sour, and his associations sour, and his prospects sour; and then it is good to mash his body, and mash his soul, and mash his business, and mash his family. Sour mash! One honest name at last for an intoxicant! But through lying labels of many of the apothecaries' shops good people who are only a little undertone in health, and wanting of some invigoration, have unwittingly got on their tongue the fangs of this cobra that stings to death and poisons the whole life of the human race.

Others are ruined by the common and all-destructive habit of treating customers. And it is a treat on their coming to town, and a treat while the bargaining progresses, and a treat while the purchase is made, and a treat as he leaves town. Others to drown their troubles submerge themselves with this worse trouble. Oh, the world is battered, and bruised, and blistered with this growing evil. It is more and more entrenched and fortified. They have millions of dollars subscribed to marshal and advance the alcoholic forces.

They nominate, and elect, and govern the vast majority of the officeholders of this country. On their side they have enlisted the mightiest political power of the century. On their side they stand all the myrmidons of the nether world, Satanic, apollyonic, and diabolic. It is beyond all human effort to throw this bastile of decanters or capture this Gibraltar of rum jugs. And while I approve of all human agencies of reform, I would utterly despair if we had nothing else. But what cheers me is that our best troops are yet to come. Our chief artillery is in reserve. Our greatest commander has not yet fully taken the field. If all hell is on their side all heaven is on our side. Now, "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered.

Then look at the impurities of these great cities. Ever and anon there are in the newspapers explosions of social life that make the story of Sodom quite respectable, for such things, Christ says, were more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for the Chorazins and Bethsaidas of greater light. It is no unusual thing in our cities for a man in high position with two or three families, or refined ladies willing solemnly to marry the very swine of society if they be wealthy. Brooklyn, whose streets fifteen years ago were almost free from all sign of the social evil, now is lined by night revelling on upper Broadway in its flamboyant wickedness. The Bible all aflame with denunciation against an impure life, but many of the American ministry uttering not one point-blank word against this iniquity lest some old libertine throw up his church pew. Machinery organized in all the cities of the United States and Canada by which to put yearly in the grinding mill of this iniquity thousands of the unsuspecting of the country farmhouse, one procuress confessing last week in the courts that she had supplied the infernal market with one hundred and fifty souls in six months. Oh, for five hundred *Pall Mall Gazettes* in America to swing open the door of this lazar-house of social corruption! Exposure must come before extirpation.

While the city van carries the scum of this sin from the prison to the Police court morning by morning, it is full time, if we do not have such a thing as American life to become like that of the court of Louis XV, to put millionaire Lotharios and the Pompadours of your brown-stone palaces into a van of popular indignation and drive them out of respectable associations. What prospect of social purification can there be as long as at summer watering places it is usual to see a young woman of excellent rearing stand and simper and giggle and roll up her eyes sideways before one of those first class satyrs of fashionable life, and on the ball room floor join him in the square dance, the maternal champeron meanwhile beaming from the wall on the scene? Matches are made in heaven, they say. Not such matches, for the brimstone indicates the opposite region.

The evil is overshadowing all our cities. By some these immoralities are called peccadilloes, gallantries, eccentricities, and are relegated to the realms of jocularity, and few efforts are being made against it. God bless the "White Cross" movement, as it is called, the excellent and talented Miss Frances Willard, its ablest advocate on this side of the sea, an organization making a mighty assault on this evil! God forward the tracts on this subject distributed from the religious tract society of the land! God help parents in the great work they are doing in trying to start their children with pure principles! God help all legislators in their attempt to inhibit this crime!

But, is this all? Then it is only a question of time when the last vestige of purity and home will vanish out of sight. Human arms, human pens, human voices, human talents are not sufficient. I begin to look up. I listen for artillery rumbling down the sapphire boulevards of heaven. I watch to see if in the morning light there be not the flash of descending meteors. Oh, for God! Does it not seem time for his appearance? Is it not time for all lands to cry out: "Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered!"

I got a letter a few days ago asking me if I did not think that the earthquake in Charleston was the divine chastisement on that city for its sins. That letter I answer now by saying that if all our American cities got all the punishment they deserve for their horrible impunities, the earth would long ago have cracked open into crevices transcontinental, and taken down all our cities; and Brooklyn and New York would have gone so far under that the tip of our church spires would be five hundred feet below the surface. It is of the Lord's mercies that we have not been consumed.

Not only are the affairs of this world so a-twist, a-jangle, and racked that there seems a need of the Divine appearance, but there is another reason. Have you not noticed that in the history of this planet God turns a leaf about every two thousand years. God turned a leaf and this world was fitted for human residence. About two thousand more years passed along and God turned another leaf, and it was the deluge. About two thousand more years passed on, and it was the appearance of Christ. Almost two thousand more years have passed by, and He will probably soon turn another leaf. What it shall be I cannot say. It may be the demolition of all these monstrosities of turpitude and the establishment of righteousness in all the earth. He can do it, and He will do it. I am confident as if it were already accomplished. How easily He can do it my text suggests. It does not ask God to strike with His right hand, or stamp with His foot, or hurl a thunderbolt of His power, but just to get up from the throne on which He sits. Only that will be necessary! "Let God arise!"

It will be no exertion of omnipotence. It will be no bending or bracing for a mighty lift. It will be no sending down the sky of the white horse cavalry of heaven or rumbling war chariots. He will only rise. Now he is sitting in the majesty and patience of his reign. He is from his throne watching the mustering of all the forces of blasphemy, and drunkenness, and impurity, and fraud, and Sabbath-breaking, and when they have done their worst, and are most securely organized, he will bestir himself and say: "My enemies have defied me long enough, and their cup of iniquity is full. I have given them all opportunity for repentance. This dispensation of patience is ended, and the faith of the good shall be tried no longer."

And now God begins to rise, and what mountains give way under his right foot, and what continents sink under his left foot, I know not; but standing in the full height, and radiance, and grandeur of His nature, He looks this way and that, and how His enemies are scattered! Blasphemers, white and dumb, reel down to their doom; and those who have trafficked in that which destroys the bodies and souls of men and families, will fly with cut foot on the down grade of broken decanters; and the polluters of society, that did their bad work with large fortunes and high social sphere, will overtake in their descent the degraded rabble of underground city life as they tumble over the eternal precipices; and the world shall be left clear and clean for the friends of humanity and the worshipers of Almighty God. The last thorn plucked off, the world will be left a blooming rose on the bosom of that Christ who came to gardenize it. This earth that stood snarling with its tigerish passion, thrusting out its raging claws, shall lie down a lamb at the feet of the Lamb of God, who took away the sins of the world.

And now, the best thing I can wish for you, and the best thing I can wish for myself, is, that we may be found His warm and undisguised and enthusiastic friends in that hour when God shall rise and His enemies shall be scattered.

News of the Week.

THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.

Sen. Sherman at Portsmouth—He Reviews the Work of the Cleveland Administration—Promises of Reform—Veto Messages—The Foreign Policy, Etc.

PORTSMOUTH, O., Sept. 28.—The Hon. John Sherman, who made the opening speech of the Ohio campaign here to-night, arrived this afternoon, and was taken in charge by a committee of the Morton club, under whose auspices the meeting last night was held. Sen. Sherman briefly traced the history of the two great parties from 1854, characterized the Republican party as the party of reform and progress, and the Democratic party as a party of opposition.

Coming down to the administration of Pres. Cleveland, whose election he said had been brought about, not by the discontent of the masses, but by a coalition between the states lately in rebellion and the city of New York, the senator paid attention to the foreign policy, and the futile dalliances with Great Britain over the fisheries question was in strong contrast to the blustering demand made upon our friendly neighbors for the possession of a characterless American adventurer, who in Mexico, violated the laws of Mexico, and seems to have been too mildly treated for his offense in Mexican authorities.

The chief charge against the Republicans in the Presidential canvass, he said, was the hoarding of the money in the treasury. But when the Democrats came into power they repudiated their promise to distribute this money, and increased the reserve in the treasury $80,000,000. They suspended for nearly a year the payment of the public debt. Distrust and want of confidence followed the election of Mr. Cleveland, and instead of the higher prices and thriving industries promised prices have been steadily falling, and industries once flourishing are now languishing.

The senator said the people were promised great economy in public expenditures and largely reduced taxes, but the only economy we have had is the veto of about 60 pension bills, saving about $1,200 a year. There was not, he said, one open, manly word in Pres. Cleveland's message in favor of protection of American industries.

Senator Sherman charged the President with treating the Union soldier with scant courtesy and disrespect and with distributing his favors chiefly among those distinguished in the rebel service. "Turn the rascals out" was another war cry of the Democrats, but the Senator said all the removals made by the administration had been for offensive partisanship and the person removed had always been a Republican. But, more jail birds, convicts and defaulters were appointed by Mr. Cleveland in a year than were appointed by his predecessors in twenty years.

Sen. Sherman next paid attention to the Morrison tariff bill. The protective policy of the Republican party had trebled our manufactures in 20 years and contributed to the wealth of the nation. He denied that the Democratic party was the friend of the laboring man, or that it had ever framed or adopted any measures of substantial benefit to the laboring men.

The senator then touched upon the growing disparity in the intrinsic value between gold and silver coin, and announced himself in favor of an honest dollar made of either gold or silver and coined at their respective market values.

A LOVE-SICK YOUTH.

Because a Girl of 15 Would Not Marry Him, He Killed Her and Committed Suicide.

WATERLOO, Ill., Oct. 1.—Further particulars have been received of the double tragedy at Claflin bridge, Monroe county, Ill. Eddie Clark was only 17 years old, and Melissa Bullet not yet 15. She was still wearing short dresses, and nothing but a girl in her actions, and he was still a boy, a razor never having touched his face. The girl's brother, Chris, jr., was married to the boy's sister, Effie, and the two families were on the best of terms, and lived on adjoining farms.

Eddie and Melissa went to the same school, recited in the same classes, and always walked home together, Eddie living nearly a mile further from school, but on the same road. A year ago they became very much attached to each other, but during the summer vacation, they are not much together, and when school opened again, a few weeks ago, Melissa was a different girl from what she was a few months before. She told him that she was not old enough to have a lover. Her mother had told her so, and she did not want him to bother her any more.

From this moment the boy's whole character was changed. He told some of his comrades that he was going to kill Melissa and himself, but they only laughed at him, and no one thought that he would attempt anything of the kind. In the afternoon he stopped Melissa, as she was walking home from school with several other children, and said: "Melissa, you remember what I told you at Marysville?" and, without waiting for an answer, he drew a pistol and fired at her. He fired twice in quick succession, and the poor girl dropped dead with two bullets in her head.

The other children ran away screaming, and the maddened lover knelt beside the corpse of his sweetheart, kissed her forehead, and then, putting the pistol to his own head, fired twice, and fell by her side in a dying condition, both balls having entered his brain. He lingered five hours, before dying, but never recovered consciousness. The funerals will be held together to-day.

LIFE IN A CEMETERY.

The Superintendent's Wife Kidnaped, Dragged Around, and Tied to a Fence.

COHOES, N. Y., Sept. 30.—Supt. Wheeler, of St. Agnes cemetery, on the outskirts of the town, lives in a house in the cemetery. Last night about 9 o'clock Mr. Wheeler was in bed sleeping, but Mrs. Wheeler was about the house. There was a rap at the door, which was opened by Mrs. Wheeler. Four men immediately pounced upon her and carried her through the cemetery, and although she screamed with all her might, her husband did not hear her. When the end of the cemetry was reached the men tied her to a fence. They then demanded that she tell where the $100 was hidden which her husband had received from the pastor of St. Agnes church, but she refused to tell. They threatened to hang her, but she firmly refused to give the information. The men then left her and went to the house, which they searched thoroughly, but did not find the money, and then left. The woman's screams finally attracted the attention of neighboring farmers. They found her tied to the fence, and insensible. Mrs. Wheeler was carried home and her husband awakened.

Business Failure—Despondency—Suicide.

CHARLESTON, Oct. 2.—The dead body of Alexander McLoy was found yesterday afternoon in a marsh on Cooper river, three miles from the city. Thursday morning Mr. McLoy left home and went to the powder magazine, near which his body was found. He took off his coat and vest and cut his throat with a knife. After doing this he walked thirty feet and tumbled into the marsh. Mr. McLoy was a member of the late firm of McLoy, Rice & Co., which was compelled to cease business on account of the death of Mr. Rice, the New York member of the firm. He had lost all he owned and had been in despair since his business closed. It is supposed that mental aberration, brought on by despondency, caused his suicide. Mr. McLoy was about 55 years old, and one of the most highly respected men in the community. He left a widow and three children.

—Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks.

A CHARLESTON EDITOR

Talks About the Earthquake—Disappointed in Pres. Cleveland and Sens. Hampton and Butler.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—The *World* this morning publishes the following:

Capt. F. W. Dawson, the editor of the Charleston *News and Courier*, arrived in the city last evening, and is stopping at the New York hotel. "I am in a position to state from personal knowledge," he said, "and I think it is time it was stated to the generous public which has come forward so promptly to Charleston's aid, that the money so far received and now in sight—that is to say, which has been subscribed—amounting, if it is all paid in, to $450,000 or $500,000, will be sufficient to render habitable the houses

WASHINGTON.

PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT.

The Reduction for September, Cash in the Treasury, Etc.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—The public debt statement shows the reduction of the public debt during the month of September to be $19,627,013.17, and total cash in the treasury, $465,375,713.93. Following is a recapitulation of the statement:

Debt Bearing Interest.

Four and a half per cent	$ 250,000,000
Four per cent	737,769,900
Three per cent	115,164,300
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	199,600
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railway bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	$1,181,757,312
Interest	11,936,811.15
Total	$1,193,694,123.15

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 6,998,735.26
Interest	201,061.07
Total	$ 7,199,796.33

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	$ 346,778,291
Certificates of deposit	16,765,000
Gold certificates	84,691,807
Silver certificates	95,387,112
Fractional currency	61,955,062
Estimated as lost or destroyed	$ 6,963,702.52
Principal	$541,476,012.52

Total Debt.

Principal	$1,730,232,051.78
Interest	12,137,872.22
Total	$1,742,369,932.00

Deductions.

Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	$206,924,043.63
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
Total	$306,924,043.63
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,435,445,888.37

Recapitulation.

Net cash in the treasury Oct. 8	
1, 1886	$ 465,549,567.36
Debt less cash in the treasury Sept. 1, 1886	1,378,176,580.53
Decrease of debt during month	$10,627,013.17
Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.	
Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 84,691,807
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	95,387,112
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	7,705,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	19,136,607.48
Fractional currency	3,517.15
Total available for reduction of the debt	$206,924,043.63
Reserve Fund.	
Held for redemption of U. S. notes, January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000
Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.	
Fractional silver coin	$26,889,745.20
Minor coin	293,294.69
Total	$27,183,039.89
Certificates held as cash	63,360,810
Net cash balance on hand	67,896,321.01
Total cash in treasury as shown by treasurer's general account	$465,375,713.93

BUREAU OF LABOR.

The Second Annual Report to be an Important One.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—The second annual report of the bureau of labor, now in course of preparation, will be a much more comprehensive document than the report laid before Congress last year. A thorough examination has been make of the relations of convict labor to free labor, and every penitentiary, jail and work-house in the United States, where the inmates are employed in industrial pursuits, has been visited by the agent of the bureau. These reports will be carefully tabulated, and, taking these tables as a basis, it is believed that the extent to which the independent laborer or mechanic is effected by the prison workers can be shown with sufficient exactness to serve as a guide for future legislation on the subject. The report will also include statistics touching labor strikes in this country. The inquiries of the bureau on this subject cover a period of time ranging from January, 1881, down to July of the present year, and it is believed that information has been collected touching every strike of consequence that has occurred in the United States within the period. From the data collected, deductions of a general character will be made, with a view to the establishment of certain rules that may aid in forecasting the probable result of future strikes, and in demonstration of the effects of such concerted movements upon the laboring and employing classes and the industries affected. The full report will probably be completed about the beginning of the coming year.

One-Dollar Silver Certificates.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—The United States treasurer has issued the following notice in regard to the issue of one-dollar silver certificates: "As the demand for other denominations of notes the treasurer of the United States is unable to supply one-dollar notes except in small amounts. In order to satisfy, as far as possible, the public demand, it has been decided to furnish from this office these notes in sums of $1000 to each bank making application, and at the same time depositing that sum with the assistant treasurer at New York. Upon receipt of the certificate of deposit a like sum will be forwarded at the expense of the banks making application. In order to effect an equitable distribution, as far as possible, applicants will obtain these notes in the order in which deposits are made at the sub-treasury at New York. Until further notice no second application will be granted until the supply of notes is adequate to meet all current demands."

The maximum amount of these certificates that the treasury can furnish daily will not exceed $80,000, and it is suggested by the acting treasurer that it will be well for banks to ascertain through their correspondents in New York when they will receive the shipments of ones, in the order in which deposits are made. The total coinage executed at the mints of the United States in September was $5,070,055.50, of which $2,810,400 was in standard silver dollars.

Letter Sheet Envelopes.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5.—The new letter sheet envelope has met with such favor at the 27 postoffices at which they were placed on sale, and the postoffice department has been so importuned by other offices which have not been favored, that it has been decided to extend them to a great number of other large offices throughout the country. Under the existing arrangement it will never be possible to extend their sale to all the offices, nor to the small fourth class offices, because it would entail too much trouble and keeping an account of books, which would be necessary, while the company supplying the sheets undertakes all risk of sale, as well as of transportation.

Population and Revenue.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5.—The Treasury department has published a statement showing the population, net revenue and net expenditures of the government for the last fiscal year, with the per capita of revenues and expenditures. The population is given at 58,820,000 and the net revenue at $256,439,727, being a per capita of 5.76, or .06 greater than the fiscal year of 1885. The expenditures were $242,483,138, being a per capita of 3.15, or .24 less than that of the previous year.

New Sugar Process.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5.—Last year the department of Agriculture began to experiment in a small way at Ottawa, Kas., with the diffusion sugar-making process, as applied to sorghum cane. Instead of crushing the cane, as in the sugar cane process, it was shaved off in minute slices and the sugrose, or sugar-yielding sap, extracted by streams of water. The results obtained were so encouraging that the field of operations was removed to Fort Scott this year, and with a largely-increased plant, experiments are now in progress on a scale of some magnitude. To-day a telegram was received from Prof. Wiley, chemist of the department, who is in charge of the works, announcing the complete success of the experiments. The telegram states that crystals have been obtained from the sorghum cane of light color, good flavor and crystallizing well. There was complete extraction of sucrose in six of the cells of battery. Commissioner Colman is very much elated at the results of the experiment and regards them as of great value from an economical point of view. In the process now used in the South there is a loss of nearly 50 per cent. of this saccharine matter contained in the cane, while the experiments at Fort Scott show an absolute extraction of all the syrup.

New Postal Rates.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—The following changes have been made in postal rates: Blanks, checks, drafts and all commercial forms, such as deeds, insurance policies, etc., will hereafter go through the mails as third class matter, at the rate of one cent for two ounces. This will include checks or books of blank drafts, but not ordinary blank books, which are fourth-class matter, one cent an ounce. Checks, drafts, policies and other such papers filled up with writing will be charged letter postage.

Capital Cullings.

Land offices have been established at Chadron and Sidney, Neb. The land office at Bayfield, Wis., has been removed to Ashland.

Sen. Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, through a real estate agent, sold a large piece of suburban property here, the price being $25,000.

Belva Lockwood is said to have an ambition to be the Prohibition candidate for the Presidency, and to that end has already begun her campaign by lecturing at gospel temperance meetings.

"Billy" Crump, formerly steward at the White House, is living very ill at his home in Gaithersburg, Md., just beyond the boundary of the District of Columbia, where he has been keeping a hotel.

The Mexican government has finally agreed to build a residence of its own in this city for legation purposes, and plans have been forwarded to Mexico for ratification. The building is to cost $50,000.

Policeman "Pat" Kearney, who nabbed Guiteau, the assassin, when he fired upon President Garfield, is to-day placed upon the retired list of the metropolitan police of this city, with pay at $70 a month.

The committee of the Union Veterans' union called upon the public printer on behalf of their comrades who had been discharged from the government printing office. Mr. Benedict assured them that Union soldiers in his office need not fear discharge if competent and attentive to duty.

The Star says: "At the Treasury department there seems to be no importance attached to the report that the President has offered the secretaryship of the Treasury to Sen. McPherson. It may be stated with certainty that Sec. Manning is going back to the treasury. He has decided to remain at the head of the department so long as his health will permit him to do so.

The total gold coin and bullion in the United States treasury September 30, was $242,609,618, as compared with $335,230,625 on the 31st of the previous month. Net gold in the treasury, after deducting the gold certificates in the treasury, outside of circulation, September 30, was $157,917,211, as compared with $157,732,788 on the 31st of the previous month.

Public Printer Benedict continues to wield his ax for all it is worth. He says he has to dispense with the services of so many of his employes in order to keep in the limits of the appropriation which Congress allowed the office, and yet it will be hardly a day or two before all the vacancies will be filled again by his own henchmen. It is rumored that he will send adrift a number of those who have been appointed to office on the recommendation of Sen. Gorman, of Maryland, and if so the office payroll will be considerably smaller very soon.

COAL MINERS' STRIKE.

Mr. Powderly's Last Appeal — Unless Granted, the Great Strike Will Take Place at Noon on Wednesday, October 6.

HAZELTON, Pa., Oct. 2.—General Master Workman Powderly was expected in this borough yesterday, to confer with a committee from District Assembly No. 87, of which Hugh McGarvey, of Beaver Meadow, is the chairman, but a telegram announced that an imperative call had taken him to Philadelphia. Thursday a new and further demand, this time by General Master Workman Powderly, was forwarded by circular letter to Coxe Bros. & Co., operators at Drifton; to Derringer and Gowan, and to Ario Pardee, Sons & Co., operating at Hazleton, and to Lehigh and Latimer. In the circular Powderly says:

"I address you for the purpose of making a final request that the men receive an advance of wages. I know that it is impossible to longer check the ardor of the men; a strike is inevitable unless something is done at once. The men have, acting on our advice, refrained from striking for some time, but their patience is being exhausted, and we can no longer prevent them from making an effort to adjust their wages."

This is the latest circular, and comes from the head of the Knights of Labor. The operators addressed will recognize it as the last appeal, but make no acknowledgment. There is no longer doubt that a date has been fixed for a strike. Master Workman McGarvey, of District Assembly No. 87, has received positive advices from Wm M. Bailey to get everything ready, so that the strike can be inaugurated simultaneously over the region at the same day and hour. The day fixed is Wednesday, October 6, next, at 12 o'clock noon.

This is the order as officially sent, Sept. 30, to Master-Workman McGarvey, and in that order is the additional caution. "That it is just cause and must be won if it takes all winter."

This, then, is the situation, as Hazelton is compelled to view it. The miners ask for a restoration of the 10 per cent. reduction made in January, 1885, and this is all the more just when it is considered that toll-rates on coal were increased twice in succession. They asked for a reduction in mine supplies, and met with a stern refusal.

Crop Summary.

CHICAGO, Oct. 4.—The following crop summary appears in the *Farmer's Review*: Crop returns for the week, in a general way, show that corn is well matured throughout the entire western belt, and sufficiently so to withstand the heavy frosts of the last three days of the week. In Missouri and Kentucky, corn is ready for husking and cribbing. In Iowa and Illinois husking will begin about October 10. The reports showing an average yield do not vary but slightly from former estimates, which are considerably under those of the preceding five years. Plowing for the fall sowing of wheat is progressing, and in many portions of Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Kentucky is completed and some seeding has already been done. The wheat movement in Dakota is now light, a great deal of wheat having already been marketed. The ruling prices are 50 to 55 cents per bushel. The movement is slow in Minnesota at 55 to 65 cents. In Illinois very little wheat is being sold, with prices at 60 to 75 cents. In Iowa the wheat movement is fair at 50 to 60 cents. In Ohio considerable wheat is being marketed at 65 to 78 cents. In Missouri the wheat movement has fallen off, with ruling prices 50 to 72 cents. In Kansas there is scarcely any wheat moving, with prices at 50 to 70 cents. In Michigan wheat is fairly marketed at 69 to 73 cents. In Wisconsin there is a fair movement at 65 to 75 cents.

In the tenor of the reports show that hogs generally are healthy, with a somewhat lighter run than usual, while cattle are looking better with improved pasturage.

Henry George's Campaign.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—The delegates to the Central Labor Union yesterday adopted the following resolution, introduced by the Knickerbocker Labor club:

"That all the trades unions and organizations connected with this body do not grant unnaturalized working men union cards unless they signify their intention of becoming citizens, and that the cards already granted shall be withdrawn from such as do not avail themselves of the provisions of this resolution."

The immediate effect of this resolution will be to equip Henry George with at least 5,000 votes which he otherwise would not obtain. All organizations affiliated with the Central Labor Union were called upon to march in solid phalanx to Cooper Union on Tuesday night, when Henry George will formally accept the labor nomination for the mayoralty.

Pleuro-Pneumonia in New Jersey.

VERONA, N. J., Oct. 2.—Nine cases of pleuro-pneumonia have been discovered among the cattle on the farm of William Chase. Three cows have died, three are dying, and three more were taken sick yesterday. When the disease was first discovered, two days ago, notice was sent to Dr. William Lowe, the state veterinary surgeon, who made an inspection of the cattle. He became satisfied that the disease was pleuro-pneumonia, and placed the farm under quarantine. The farm is surrounded by other farms on which there are droves of cattle, a large supply of milk being sent to New York.

Bogus Butter.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 4.—John J. Ceghan, food commissioner of the Southern district of Ohio, recently caused the arrest of four grocers of this city for violating the state butterine law. All but one pleaded guilty in Police court and were fined $50 each. The judge promised them the full extent of the law—$500 fine and 90 days' imprisonment—in case they came before him again. These are the first convictions under the new law requiring the posting of a sign—"Imitation butter sold here."

Republican Gains in Connecticut.

HARTFORD, Oct. 5.—Returns from 100 towns give the Republicans 54 towns; the Democrats 31; divided, 15. The same towns last year stood Republican, 49; Democrats, 34; divided, 17. Net Republican gain, five towns.

K. OF L. CONVENTION.

The Delegates at Richmond Called to Order by Master Workman Powderly Who Makes a Speech.

RICHMOND, Oct. 4.—The tapping of Master Workman Powderly's gavel at 10:15 a. m. gave the signal for the opening of the first session of the tenth annual convention of the Knights of Labor, in the armory of the Firs. Virginia regiment in this city. He stood alone upon a small plain pine platform at the further end of the spacious room, and looked out upon the faces of a thousand delegates assembled from every part of this country, representatives of a million men and women, white and black. The faces of men and women bound together by a common object met his view. The session was to be an open one, and, in addition to the large body of delegates, were as many others not of the order as could find seats or shared what little standing room there was with its members.

After Gov. Lee had delivered an eloquent address of welcome, Mr. Powderly was introduced to the vast assemblage and was received with round after round of applause. The grand master workman expressed his gratification at the welcome which had been given the Knights by the people of Virginia, and more especially the people of Richmond. Mr. Powderly, continuing, said:

"The men who owe allegiance to the Knights of Labor are not engaged in a conflict, but it is a war of truth against error. It is not, as many honestly believe, and many more dishonestly assert, a war of labor against capital. It is a war in which the manhood of the American laborer is fighting for recognition. In this war it must be determined which shall rule, monopoly or the American people, gold or manhood.

"Our battles are not fought for the purpose of determning whether an individual shall rule a state or an empire, but to decide whether a people who are entitled to life, liberty and happiness shall live in the full enjoyment of their rights and liberties as becomes citizens of a republic. No member must feel as he turns away from the city of Richmond after our work here is done, that he can safely or conscientiously thrust aside the grave responsibilities and duties of our American citizenship. Popular disregard of political duty, and if tolerated, continued political corruption, will weaken our government and destroy our liberties, for the worm can eat its way through the oak which storm or tempest could not bend, and political dishonesty will strike where the lightning could never reach. If this land was worthy that brave men should die for it, so it is at least worthy the unselfish, thoughtful men should live and work in a grand devotion to the ideas of a real, true democracy. We come here, not alone to settle the question of a dispute in regard to wages or hours of labor; we come here partly to study and learn some lessons of the head and heart in practical citizenship.

"We are engaged in a work, which, to the thoughtful observer, means more than child's play—more than the regulations of trade matters, and the work will not end to day, nor will the youngest among us live to see it complete.

"To remedy the evils we complain of is a difficult and dangerous undertaking. The strongest hearts and active brains was never so great as at the present time. The lash was stricken from the hand of the slave-owner of 25 years ago, and it must be taken from the hand of the new slave owner, as well. The monopolist of to-day is more dangerous than the slave owner of the past. Monopoly takes the land from the people in millionaire plots; it sends its agents abroad and brings hordes of uneducated, desperate men to this country; it imports grievances, and scatters it broadcast throughout the land; it is alone responsible for every manifestation of anarchy that our country has witnessed. All men may not be willing to admit that this statement is true; but when monopoly dies no more anarchists will be born in this country, for anarchy is the legitimate child of monopoly.

"While I condemn and denounce deeds of violence committed in the name of labor during the present year, I am proud to say that the K. of L. as an organization is not in any way responsible for such conduct. He is the true Knight of Labor who, with one hand clutches anarchy by the throat, and with the other strangles monopoly.

"We are told that it is because of the importation of so many ignorant foreigners that anarchy has shown its head in our country. Rather is it true that because of the importation of foreign ideas, customs and graces by the wealthy we have forgotten what it is that constitutes the true citizen of the republic. The man who still believes in the little red school-house on the hill should take one holiday and visit the mine, the factory, the coal breaker, and the mill; there, during the work of men, will find the future citizens of the republic breathing an atmosphere of dust, ignorance and vice. The history of our country is not taught within these walls. The struggle for independence and the causes leading to that struggle are not spoken of there. The name of Washington is unknown, and the words that rang out trumpet-tongued from the lips of Patrick Henry are never mentioned. Our country, her history, her laws and her institutions are unknown to these poor children.

"How, then, can the children of the foreigners learn to appreciate the freedom that they have never been told about, much less experienced? Questions of wages or hours of labor, shop discipline or some other matter may cause a rupture here and there between the workman and his employer; but they can be readily settled if mutual toleration are brought into the controversy, and once settled they should be allowed to rest. Continued reminders of past troubles often create new ones. To those who have fallen into such habits I would recommend the advice so appropriately gave to a critic not long since, Stop fighting when the war is over.

"I thank you, and through you the people of the historic old city of Richmond, for the warm reception given to us. When we separate to go to our homes we will carry with us a remembrance of this day and hour. We will also remember that it was from this city that the ball of revolution which crushed to dust the power of a king started forth on its mission.

"I trust that in the providence of God we may be enabled to enact such legislation while here as will help to assist in the earth the last vestige of monopoly, and compel all men, whether rich or poor, to stand equal before a just and humane law."

In concluding his speech, Mr. Powderly said that some of the members of the visiting delegations who were of darker hue than their brothers could not find places in some of the hotels. This was in accordance with what had long been the custom here, and old customs and prejudices do no not readily vanish. There had been particular mention made of one instance where a delegation numbering 60 members had only one colored member among them. He was refused admission to the hotel where they intended to go, and the delegation, standing by the principles of the order, which recognizes no distinction of creed, nationality or color, went with their colored brother. That, he said, was why he made the selection of that brother to introduce him to them, so that it might go forth that they had practiced what they preached.

At the close of his address he requested that all present who were not delegates should retire, and thanked them for having come to the opening session.

Mr. Bennett, of the Richmond district, moved a vote of thanks to Gov. Lee, and after this was heartily and unanimously given, it was followed by a burst of rousing cheers for the governor.

All but the delegates then left, and the convention then settled down to the practical work that had called them together.

In secret session, the only business done was the appointment of a committee on minor credentials. An adjournment was then taken to 9 a. m. to-morrow.

French Royalists in Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 2.—Representatives of the Royal family that was expelled from France were in the city to-day on their way East. The members of the party are very closely allied to the Comte de Paris, and consisted of the Duchesse De Luynes and Chevreuse, Mademoiselle De Luynes, the Duc De Luynes and Chevreuse and Count De Sauity. They came direct from their home in Paris nearly to months ago, landing in this country on August 29. They then started across the country by the northern route, traveling so quietly that they have thus far been unrecognized as distinguished members of the Royalist party of France. They left San Francisco homeward bound about a week ago, and are en route for Washington, D. C., where they will remain for two days.

In the interview, Count De Sauity said they would not be the guests of the French Legation at Washington, because they were not Republicans.

"We are Royalists," said he, "and have nothing to do with the government now existing in France. It is a poor government now. There will be a change, though, before long. We, too, may be expelled from France before the change is effected, but it will only be for a short time. The next election will show that the sentiment of the people is for the Royalists. The Comte De Paris will be called back as King of France within the next four years."

M'PHERSON TO NIMMO.

The Charge of Defalcation Against Republicans Disposed Of.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.—Following are extracts from a letter written by Hon. Edward McPherson to Hon. Joseph Nimmo, jr., in relation to a charge of defalcation against Republican management:

"The total sum of the 'balances' due the United States is given on page 204 of the register's statement at $25,809,104. Of this sum, the Democratic campaign book for 1866 (p. 14) states that $12,893,476 accrued since the year 1861. This leaves $12,915,717 as having accrued before 1861. So that the Democratic 'defaulters' are proved, on this showing, to have been equally expert with the Republican. But, in point of fact, they were thirteen times as expert. The statement of the register's 'balances' does not include the business of the Postoffice department, or of certain bureaus of the Treasury department. It is, therefore, incomplete. Supplying the omissions and including all the operations of all the branches of the government of the United States, this is the net result: Of all the losses, both in the receipt and in the disbursement of public moneys, as ascertained by the Treasury department down to June 30, 1883, and officially printed August 13, 1884, the percentage for the period prior to June 30, 1861, was $5.21 for every $1,000; and the percentage for the period from June 30, 1861, to June 30, 1883, was 39 cents for every $1,000. During the latter period the total receipts and disbursements were $36,767,851,731, and the total losses were $14,467,137, or 39 cents per $1,000. So that the rate of losses prior to 1861, compared with the rate of losses since 1861, was the proportion which $5.21 bear to 37 cents—or over thirteen times as great. In other words, to use the current Democratic phrase, Democratic 'defaulters' have been thirteen times as agile and successful as Republican 'defaulters.' Or to put it in another form, the Democratic officials prior to 1861 managed to 'lose' out of a sum total about one-eighth as large, nearly twice as much as the Republican officials since 1861 were able to do.

"The claim of loss of $25,809,194 in balances is made on the theory that every 'balance' carried on the books of the register is an actual loss and a defalcation. But that is not true. There are 'balances' on the books against the names of John Adams, President of the United States; John Quincy Adams, minister to Russia; Daniel D. Tomkins, Vice President of the United States; Andrew G. Curtin, minister to Russia; Augustus C. Dodge, minister to Spain; Alexander H. Everett, minister to Spain; Nmian Edwards, minister to Mexico; Caleb Cushing, attorney for the United States before the Hudson Bay commission; James Gadsden, minister to Mexico; John Lothrop Motley, minister to Great Britain; Jos. A. Wright, minister to Russia; J. Sterling Morton, secretary of Nebraska Territory; James W. Neesmith, marshal of the territory of Oregon; Gen. John Armstrong, minister to Paris; James A. Bayard, Envoy to Ghent; Reverdy Johnson, Minister to England; Francis Lieber, Umpire of the American and Mexican commission; Henry Middleton, Minister to Russia; John E. Ward, Minister to China; E. W. Stoughton, Minister to Russia, and very many others of like grade of character. No one believes that these gentlemen were or are 'defaulters,' but all are alike pilloried in the sweeping denunciation of the Democratic Campaign committee. The 'balances' disclosed by the register's list are not defalcations. The acting secretary of the Treasury, transmitting the list to the House of Representatives, did not say they were. He said: 'The sums stated are the balances due the United States as shown by the books of the register of the Treasury.' They are not defalcations, because the accounts are unsettled, and, like unsettled accounts in private business, there are offsets against them. And if we can infer anything from the suits collapsed heavily suffered by the United States in suits to collect 'balances' like unto them, the offsets constitute much the largest proportion of the 'balances.' But the Democratic Campaign Committee, not content with the accurate and official statement both of the Acting Secretary of the Treasury and of the Register of the Treasury, and in the words used by them, and declares that these balances are now due the Government, 'on account of defalcation in disbursements and collections.' This is a clear case of interpolation and of willful perversion, but it is not without abundant precedent in the practices of Democratic campaign committees. It doubtless has both before and since 1861, there are some cases of actual, flagment and purposed default, but in the great majority of cases those 'balances' represent merely imperfect vouches and desputed questions of fact or law, or both.

A SENSATIONAL STROY.

A Charge That Lawyer Emory A. Storrs Was Deliberately Poisoned.

ST. PAUL, Oct. 2.—A local paper prints, this morning, a story purporting to show that Emory A. Storrs, of Chicago, was deliberately assassinated while at Ottawa, on the presenting the case of Joseph C. Mackin to the Supreme court. The gang leaders, the story goes, who dreaded Mackin, found means to close his mouth and make away with Storrs. The lawyer was settled with digitinlis, not in a hurry, but the drug was administered day after day in the liquor which he drank. Mackin had, it is stated, given away completely the secret of the election frauds to Storrs, and the fear of following the little boss to Joliet was what prompted the attempt to get Storrs out of the way.

Mr. Storrs, after taking charge of the Mackin case, resorted to a certain extent to the use of stimulants. This made the work of "settling him," when that had been determined on, a matter of considerable ease, for any alcoholic liquor is a safe vehicle for the criminal use of digitaline or digitiais. It was some days before the lawyer went to Ottawa that his assassination was first contemplated, and the initial attempt was made one evening in the barroom on Michigan street, next to the jail, and later that same night in the saloon connected with the Revere House.

Mr. Storrs poured out his drink at the counter, and stepped back to the steam heater, on which he placed the glass. The deadly dose found its way into the liquor while the intended victim was busy in conversation. Then, turning, he raised the glass to his lips, but on swallowing it got enough, however, to make him seriously ill, and was unable to leave the hotel that night.

The next day he had recovered, but had no suspicion of what caused his sudden ailment. He only remarked that it was queer two or three drinks put an evening should affect hiffi so, and passed on his way. Then he went to Ottawa, Ill., September 11, to make an argument before the Supreme court, and among those who lingered about him during him leisure and convivial moments were two men who had their work cut out for them in advance. There was to be no failure, but the job was to be done. Liquor and cigars abounded, but in the liquor there was an insidious poison, which piled up in the system of the doomed man until that fatal Friday it clutched his vitals and landed him a corpse in his bed at the hotel early Saturday morning, September 12.

The story concludes as follows: "A partial confession has already been obtained from one of the tools who was instrumental in Mr. Storrs's assassination, and the man is now under the constant surveillance of a detective."

The Milwaukee Coal Ring.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 2.—It is stated on good authority that the Milwaukee coal ring intends to advance the price of stove coal to $7 per ton next week. There is great indignation among the combined coal dealers this winter. A well-posted gentleman informed a reporter this morning that a large amount of coal is being sold in this city to persons from elsewhere at $5.50 per ton delivered free on board cars. The gentleman remarked: "I know of sales of this sort which were made yesterday. To get the coal at this price the buyer must give satisfactory assurance that he intends to take it out of the city. But if there was not a profit in selling coal in Milwaukee at $5.50 delivered, the dealers would not do it."

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Edward Savance, a nurse in the hospital of the Ohio penitentiary, has made affidavit of his personal knowledge of the use of human skins taken from the bodies of dead convicts to moke canes.

Nat Johnson, nephew of ex-Gov. Johnson, shot and killed Ben Grady at Nelsonville, Ky. The killing grew out of the late Robertson-Montgomery congressional race. Grady and Jim Smith assistant Johnson, who shot Grady through the brain and fired at Smith, who escaped by running.

Henry Stephens, Louis Hutt and Johnson Bros. have acceded to the demands made by Chicago boxmakers for an increase of 15 per cent. in wages. The contract is to run for one year, and the strikers returning to work. Other manufactures are still holding out.

ORGANS—IMMENSE REDUCTIONS.

Only $13.00 for one of Messrs. Cornish & Co's. ORCHESTRAL ORGANS, 5 sets of Reeds, 3 Octaves, 12 Stops, Sub-Bass and 2 Knee Swells. Solid Black Walnut Case. Warranted 6 years. Shipped on ten days test trial. The opportunity of a lifetime to secure a great bargain. Read their advertisement in another column.

A DETERMINED STAND

Against Mr. Parnell's Tactics For Securing Home Rule for Ireland—New York Members of the League Object to Sending Any More Money to Ireland.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—Something in the nature of an open revolt against the Irish National league and Parnell took place, yesterday, at the meeting of the Twentieth ward branch held at No. 352 West Thirty-fifth street. It arose in the course of a discussion as to whether the branch should respond to the circular issued by Mr. Parnell to Pres. Fitzgerald, of the Irish National league of America.

Jeremiah B. Murphy, secretary of the branch, said that the time had come when some determined stand should be taken in relation to the thousands of evictions threatened by the landlords and actually taking place.

"Now, the League here has forwarded," continued the speaker, "an enormous sum of money to Ireland to help fight the battle of the people in that country, and what is the result? Not alone has home rule been refused, but there is no sign whatever that it will be granted; and now again there is a call for money—money, money. Where, I ask, are the hundreds of thousands of dollars that have gone into the treasury of the League? I think this thing should be put an end to, and now is the time to begin. We see what peaceful agitation has led to,—pauperism, extermination of our people, and general demoralization of those who remain. The time has surely come when other means should be tried of freeing Ireland than by sending representatives to the English parliament to be laughed at." [Applause.]

Col. J. P. O'Flynn said he entirely agreed with this view. "Every possible form of persuading England in an argumentative sense," he said, "has been tried, and now we are face to face with a condition of things in Ireland worse than has existed for the last hundred years. Three thousand evictions are threatened this coming week, and hundreds have already taken place. I have wished and prayed and hoped that Ireland would some day manfully fight for her freedom, as all struggling nationalities have done. I want, and we all want, some other measure besides parliamentary agitation; for we are heartily sick of a policy that has brought us a crop of evictions, and nothing more. I am for the use, henceforth, of any and all means to help free Ireland from the grasp of England."

The chairman said: "Not one penny more of my money shall go to the anti-eviction fund or to any form of parliamentary agitation. We want an accounting for the million and more of dollars that have gone into the treasury of the league from this country before sending over any more money. It is not long since I was in Ireland, and I can safely say that in many of the western and southern counties the unfortunate people who took the advice of the league and allowed themselves to be evicted got no support at all from the league, while some of the gang and members of Parliament from Ireland could drive about Dublin in state, living upon the money that we sent over. There was a resolution before the Chicago convention to boycott English goods. Well, you saw the Parliamentary delegates to that convention were dressed in the latest London fashions. If any more money is to be sent over, let it be entrusted for distribution to the parish priests and the Protestant ministers in the different parishes, so that the unfortunate victims of landlordism may receive the aid which was intended for them." [Applause.]

Patrick J. Logan and Mr. McCarthy made speeches to the same effect.

DOW LAW SUSTAINED

In the Circuit Court of the United States at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 30.—In the Circuit Court of the United States, Judge Welker to-day disposed of the application of Wm. Tanner, sr., a saloon keeper of Alliance, O., for a preliminary injunction to restrain the village of Alliance from the enforcement of the prohibitory ordinance passed under the Dow law, by refusing the restraining order. Judge Welker held: "That the court had no jurisdiction to afford the relief asked; that the ordinance does not conflict with the fourteenth amendment of the constitution of the United States; that the ordinance does not deprive the complainant of his property; that if the ordinance is only a police regulation in the interest of public morals and for the common good."

Judge Jackson concurred in the refusal of the application.

This was the first case in Ohio under the law, and was watched with great interest.

COLUMBUS, Oct. 1.—A case prepared in Miami county to test the constitutionality of the Dow liquor law was filed in the Supreme court yesterday by Col. M. B. Burnhart, of Troy. This case raises all the points at issue in the Dow law, and will be pushed for immediate hearing, a motion having been argued yesterday morning to take it up out of its order.

The style of the case is the state of Ohio in relation of David Wilhelm, plaintiff, vs. Samuel N. Torry, treasurer of Ottawa county, defendant. The relator says that he is the owner of property in Troy, Miami county, and proposes to engage in the sale of intoxicating liquors upon the premises. He notified the auditor of his intention to engage in such traffic and offered the treasurer $1 as provided in the Dow law, and said treasurer refused to receive the money upon the ground that the act was unconstitutional. Therefore said relator, David Wilhelm, prays for a mandamus to compel the treasurer to accept the money.

The defendant filed his answer and admits the allegations in the petition to be true.

EIGHT OR TEN HOURS.

Chicago Packing Houses Will Return to Ten Hours This Month.

CHICAGO, Oct. 1.—The statement is published here that a great lockout at the stock yards has been decided upon some time during this month, when the packing houses will all close down and remain closed until the question of eight hours or ten hours is settled. One of the large packers said this morning:

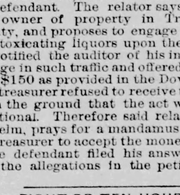
"Trouble is of course expected. It will be a long fight, but we can't run on eight hours with the other houses around us running on ten hours, so the trouble might as well come all at once as to drag along until we are compelled to shut down by losses. It is likely that several of the houses will start up in a small way on the ten hour schedule and make the fight."

The Chicago Packing and Provision company has already shut down for repairs. That is what all the packing company officers say, and this is probably the secret of the denial of the packers that there is to be a "lockout." The houses will shut down, one after another, for repairs. When they open it will be on ten hours' time or not at all.

At this time of the year it is customary for all the houses which have been running all summer to shut down for repairs. This October, however, the shut-down will be significant. It will afford the houses the opportunity to throw on their men the onus of the fighting. The houses will be closed. Those who apply for work can go to work at ten hours, or they can stay out. Meanwhile all the houses at Kansas City, Omaha, Milwaukee, Springfield, St. Louis, and elsewhere will be running day and night.

The fact of the lockout is authoritative, so is the fact that the packers are acting together. There is no doubt at all about their being concert of action. Yet the packers are all so reticent, and some of them deny the fact so glibly that to one not versed in their ways their denials would be accepted. There is, however, no doubt that the lockout is agreed to, and preparations are going forward to make a long and stubborn fight.

ROYAL



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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Czar is Fighting Mad.

SOFIA, Sept. 30.—Gen. Kaulbars has sent a violent circular to the Russian consuls in Bulgaria, with a request that they inform the people of the circular's contents. The circular makes twelve points, several of which the Bulgarian government declares Russia must know to be false. It begins by stating: "Time for mere words has ended. The Czar can now be convinced only by acts. Only then will he offer the country internal and external protection." It accuses the Bulgarians of acts of indiscipline in burning the flags and insignia of St. George.

The Bulgarian government denies the latter accusation.

The circular declares that Russia cannot allow Bulgaria to try the kidnapers of Alexander, and that it is impossible to allow Alexander and his family to return to Bulgaria. It is understood that owing to this circular the government will resist the demand of the Russian ultimatum brought by Kaulbars.

LATER.—A large delegation of prominent Bulgarians called on Gen. Kaulbars to protest against the circular, but he told the gentlemen they must respect the wishes of the Czar, and he was powerless to change the terms of the circular. They withdrew in great anger.

Compelled to Haul Down the Irish Flag.

OTTAWA, Ont., Oct. 2.—Considerable indignations is expressed among Sons of Erin in Canada over the action of the collector of customs at the port of St. John, N. B., in compelling Capt. Collins of the Waterford bark Orient, to haul down the Irish flag which was floating at the masthead of his vessel as he sailed up the harbor. The officers of the Orient at first refused to comply with the request of the customs officers who boarded the vessel as she came to anchor, but on finding that a fine of £500 which the law provides can be imposed on any vessel for flying an improper flag on board an English registered vessel, they hauled the flag down.

The captain remonstrated, and said he had floated the flag in British ports right under the nose of two British men-of-war without having a word said to him. The government have decided not to impose a fine, as it would raise every Irishman in the country up against them; as it is, a very bitter feeling has been created over the affair.

Duke d'Aumale's Munificent Gift.

PARIS, Oct. 2.—The will of the Duc d'Aumale bequeathed his great estate at Chantilly, with all their appurtenances, works of art, books and revenues, to the French institute in trust for the people of France forever, and is dated 1884. The duke explains that he wishes to have the transfer made now for the express purpose of avoiding legal hampering which might be instituted by claimants or heirs after his death. The gift is accompanied by but one condition, and that is that the property must be preserved as intact as it shall be on the day it comes in possession of the trustees. It shall consist of the Conde museum, are to be opened to the public at least twice a week during six months of the year and the revenues are to be applied to keeping the whole of the estates in proper order and to the acquirement of additional works of art to enrich the magnificent collections with which the states are already endowed, to pensioning indigent authors and artists, and to furnishing prizes for the adoption of scientific and artistic careers. A separ